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TO OUR READERS.

THE proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY are happy to announce that they are making arrangements in Europe for the prompt illustration of the leading scenes of the

WAR IN EUROPE

by the first artists of the day.

Thus, in addition to the admirable serials by Charles Dickens and George Curtis, now in course of publication in the WEEKLY, subscribers will obtain a complete illustrated history of the war.

DEPARTURE OF ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS FROM LEGHORN.

IN connection with the stirring movements now in progress in Italy, we present our readers with an engraving of the departure of a corps of volunteers from Leghorn to Genoa, on 4th ult. The public are already aware that since that date the spirit of independence has become so universal in Tuscany that the Grand Duke has been obliged to fly, leaving the country in the hands of the insurgents. All Tuscany is now animated by one spirit. A correspondent from Leghorn writes:

"On the morning of the 21st instant there was a review of more than five hundred volunteers. On the previous evening about five hundred and fifty, who had come by land, were promenading the streets: about two score of them wore the Tuscan, *i. e.*, the Austrian uniform. They had broken away from Lucca with their arms, had forced their way with crossed bayonets through the Modenese territory of Massa, had been joined by some of the very soldiers of the Duke of Modena, and had come to Sarzana to lay down their arms before the Sardinian authorities, by whom they are now forwarded to the depôts of Como, Savigliano, and Acqui.

"'The volunteers who have already entered the Piedmontese service,' says a morning contemporary, 'are more than eighteen thousand, and you may add to the number from seven hundred to one thousand new arrivals daily. I am assured, upon the very best authority, that the spirit of these adventurous young men is the very best imaginable. They arrive in this part of the country often after enduring a variety of hardships and dangers in their flight; most of them, also, severing those domestic ties and breaking through those habits and associations which root the Italians to their native place more than any other people on the earth; and on reaching their depôts they all, even youths of family and education, willingly enter the ranks as mere private soldiers, and submit to an amount of drilling which would be intolerable to the hardiest recruits.'"

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Departure of Troops for the War—The Empress in Despair—Excitement at the Clubs—Our Correspondent leaves for Turin—American Marriages in Paris—Have the Austrians crossed the Ticino?—Dissensions at the Tuileries—A Lord who never traveled by Railway—Vol-au-vent—*Ladies of the Corps de Ballet in Gauze—The Prince Imperial wants Excitement, etc.*

PARIS, *April* 28, 1859.

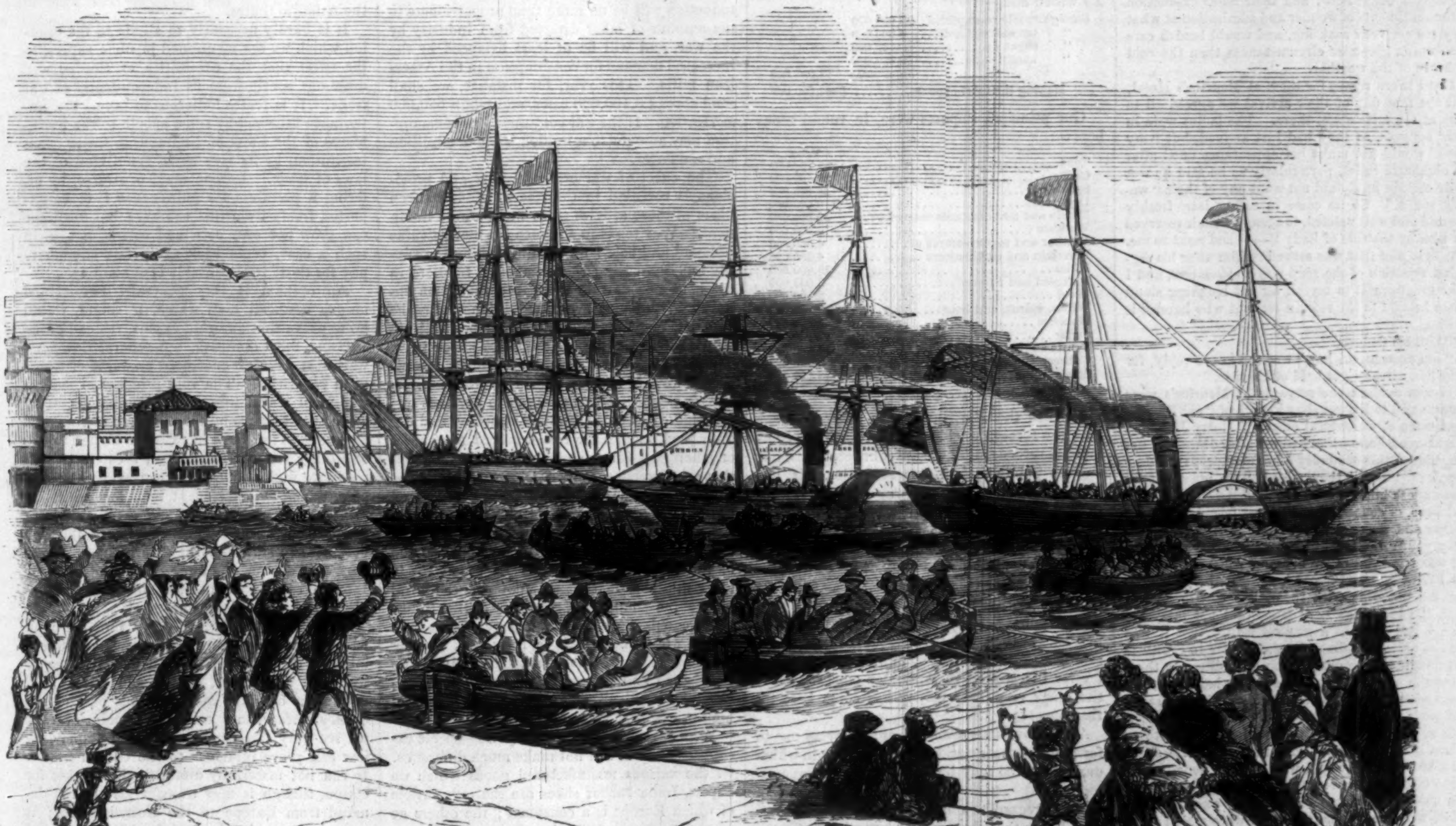
IF not in *war*, we are in all the turmoil and excitement of it; the drums of passing soldiers resound in the streets—one hears on all sides of sorrowful mothers and distressed wives, in all stations of life, the humblest as well as the highest. One's sympathy, if strong for all, is strongest with the first, who are not sustained in the same degree by the hopes of glory and advancement which animate their betters, and who are summoned every day from their occupations and their families (the soldiers of the reserve). Even the married men are only exempted for the present, but are told "to hold themselves in readiness." Even as I write there is a regiment passing, in complete marching order, on their way to the Lyons Railroad. It is a picturesque sight. The men have the usual *insouceant* air of soldiers, and the smart officers look enchanted (whether by order or not one can not say). From time to time one of the men steps for an instant out the ranks to exchange a shake of the hand with some one of the gazers in the foot-path; and even in the short space which my windows command I have already witnessed more than one tearful woman's face. And one hears of such sorrowful partings among one's acquaintances. Even the fair Empress, it is said, weeps, and "will not be comforted," at the thought of the Emperor's departure, for she sees in danger to him every thing forfeited—her own position and the hoped-for heritage of her son.

To us, who are mere lookers-on, it is a moment of rare interest and excitement—a splendid game of chess. At my club we have subscribed and sent for a large strategic map of the supposed battle-fields, which *we* shall contemplate at our ease. *I*, however, feel a strong desire to approach more nearly to the scene of action. I feel the want of change of air and scene. Paris is close, and dusty, and noisy. My neighbor, the musical Count, is more provoking than ever, and keeps on hammering and scraping upon his various instruments in a manner quite unbearable. No chance of *his* going to the wars—not he!

So I am only waiting to write this last letter, and with the already obtained permission of the editor of the *Weekly*, to make over my pen, and its privilege of entertaining his readers, to a fair lady who has sometimes before assisted me in the task, and who is willing now to accept it entirely; and then I am off to Turin. I have an invitation to a friend's villa at Cannes, to which I can retreat when I have had enough of what is going on in Sardinia.

We have very warm weather again, which on Monday was very enjoyable in the Bois de Boulogne, where there were some very pretty races at the pretty race-course of that vicinity. It was a charming, animated scene, and an enormous display of luxury in dress and equipage; for now the spring toilets are in their full flush and blossoming, and the stands on this occasion were indeed living parterres of fashion and beauty. But I shall only hint at all this, *en passant*, for next week these themes will be in worthier hands. I went yesterday to see the Exhibition of Living Artists, at the Crystal Palace, and my first feeling on entering was a sorrowful one at witnessing what seems such a waste of human labor and ingenuity with so little apparent result or advantage. There are, as usual in French exhibitions, several enormous battle-pieces, such as the "Gorge de Malakoff," and the "Charge at Balaklava," where "the horse and his rider," with and without heads, and in fierce array, seem produced again and again in strange confusion; but I have not sufficient pleasure in such pictures to linger long enough over them even to criticise them. Then there is a large picture of the "Burning of the steamer *Austria*," horrible even to glance at—which was all I did. There are a vast number of other large canvases of great pretension and little merit, and also an uncommon number of representations of slightly-draped women (if draped they are at all). There are a few good portraits by Winterhalter and others. That of the Countess Walewski is charming—very successful as a likeness, and very graceful and refined in expression; and so are those of the Count and Countess de Morny. But there are too many most extraordinary portraits; some in which the persons represented are so deficient in beauty that one wonders at their having the courage to show their living faces, much less their painted similitudes; and again there are beautiful creatures treated by artists in such a deplorable style, that one *wonders* again, and yet more.

For instance, there is our magnificent countrywoman, Madame P——, whom I call the Queen of Beauty, who has been painted in a sort of dreamy, cloudy way—which I know is a style, and which has its admirers, but which seems to me simply a



THE DEPARTURE OF ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS FROM LEGHORN.

ridiculous daub. The classical and delicate profile is there, and so is the superb form, with its rounded, gorgeous graces, but it does not remind one of a Raphael or a Titian, as it should do—or rather, it makes one think of how differently they would have represented such superb flesh and blood.

The subject which divides with the war the attention of the fashionable world are the marriages. I do not think this year there are any among the Paris-American society, at least not to come off here. Mr. Livingstone T——n's marriage with the belle des belles, the fair Parnell, is settled for the end of May, but will, I believe, take place at her father's seat in Ireland. It is a charming marriage, seeming to combine all the requisites of happiness, in well-assorted years and position, fortune on one side and beauty on the other.

I have just heard that, in spite of the assertions both of the evening and morning papers, the Austrians have not stirred from their position, and have *not* crossed the Ticino. Indeed some are so bold as to say that there is a strong hope of unbroken peace and successful negotiation! I can not believe it. With such a superb army, equipped with such care and cost, and so eager and enthusiastic, I can not believe in any hesitation now on the part of the Austrians; and it seems so evidently their best policy to strike a decisive blow at Sardinia before the French can come to the rescue, that I am inclined to consider these as mere rumors for speculators, and made for the "Stock Exchange." As some one says, the Austrians have no money to pay their "return tickets," and so must therefore go on.

Others speak of difficulties and dissensions in Imperial and family councils at the Tuileries. The Imperial Guard, it is said, having declined most decidedly the honor of being commanded by Prince Plon-Plon, that willful personage now refuses to go to the war at all, and the Emperor is fearful of doing so, leaving his loving cousin behind, as his plots and intrigues, and well-known unscrupulous character, render him dangerous to the Emperor's authority in his absence. Be this all as it may, it only increases one's desire to see and hear for one's self on the real scene.

I have at present at Paris some English friends, who have, the most of them, never been here before, and who, I am reluctant to admit, were persuaded to come now by my glowing descriptions of the lovely weather and the manifold attractions of the gay city at this season. It may seem extraordinary when I say that Lord B—— (the father of my friends) has not only never been to Paris before, but that, in coming now, he traveled upon a railroad for the first time in his life. But I know several others of his sort in England, who think nothing of risking their necks, five days in the week, in the hunting field, or in driving home dark nights from distant dinners and county balls, but who are too old-fashioned, and dread railroads and *their* accidents too much, and Paris and its revolutions too much, to trust themselves and those dear to them to such uncertainties.

My Lady B—— has been "on the Continent" in her youth, when persons of her rank (for she was a duke's daughter) traveled in no other way than with post-horses. The two young ladies are charming, lively, well-educated girls, blooming with all the roses of their native Cornwall, which they have never left excepting for two short seasons in town—the years that each sister was presented. It is pleasant to witness their intense enjoyment of the novelty of being here; and their *naive* expression of the sentiments of wonder and admiration at what they see are very amusing, and would banish care even under gloomier circumstances than the cold and rain of the weather.

I had taken rooms for them at Meurice's Hotel, and the first day of their arrival we agreed all to dine at the *table d'hôte* there. The ladies were in their bonnets, as they had just arrived, but "my Lord" would not make his appearance until after an elaborate toilet, particularly as he said he was quite certain he should not want any of their "watery soups." So he came in rather late, freshly dressed and well valeted, to occupy a chair reserved for him by the side of Lady B—— and next to me. The first *plat* that was served to him after his dignified rejection of the soup was a *vol-au-vent*, and I take great credit to myself for not laughing aloud when he said to the solemn servant who handed it to him,

"Qui est dedans?"

"Du poisson, mi Lor," was the grave reply, for they had already got hold of his title.

It was evident the servants at Meurice's were accustomed to the peculiar French of "old English gentlemen of worshipful estate." Merry Julia and bright-eyed Fanny thanked me after dinner for not laughing at this or sundry other malaprops of "dear papa's;" "but," they added, "we must not let him expose himself again at a *table d'hôte*."

I have, of course, been with my friends to all the operas and theatres where it is possible to accompany young ladies; but I must own my equanimity was tried the other evening when we went to the Français together. I had secured a good box, and did not dine with them, but was to go and fetch the ladies, as Lord B—— did not intend to go. I had said, in a general way, "that it was not the custom to dress for the theatre in France;" but imagine my consternation at finding my three friends in evening dress—the young ladies in their usual white gowns, but absolutely with *white shoes*, and their lady mother *décolletée* and radiant in a blue silk dress! There was no time to be lost; so I hastily explained to Julia that the white shoes *must* be changed, which was quickly done, and a lace shawl thrown over "mamma's" fair shoulders, not quite to her contentment, she exclaiming—which was true—"that she never wore a high dress in an evening, and that to eat her dinner in one, she thought, would choke her." Be this as it may, never did I feel conscious of looking so supremely ridiculous as in going up the stairs of the Français with Lady B——'s stately person upon my arm, and her daughters following behind—two angels in white muslin.

Once in the box, it was not so bad. They all understood French well, and appreciated the perfection of the performance; and though I was generally obliged to explain the jokes to Lady B—— (or to pretend to do so), I did not mind that, nor her repeated exclamations "at the want of taste in French ladies in going to the play such dowdies."

Lord B—— scorns the "acting," but delights in the ballet at the opera; nor did he at all object to the very aerial dresses of the ladies of the *corps de ballet* in "Herculaneum," though really I, being with his daughters, felt uncomfortable at Miss Psyche in *only* a gauze chemise with golden wings, and Miss Aurora in only a tunic of the same transparent material, with golden bars, *pour tout habillement*. Not so *mi Lor*; he seemed to consider this a part of the show for which he had paid his money, and for which he had his money's worth.

The Court have returned already from their country residence, driven in, I should think, by the bad weather, or by the necessity of the Emperor's being on the spot to pull all his political wires, though they do say it is because the little Prince found it "dull." There is nothing extraordinary in this in a little fellow who goes every day to the Bois de Boulogne, and sees there all that whirl of life; but it is an amusing anecdote nevertheless, and so truly like a French child. A little French girl, if you kiss her, will beg you "not to tumble her dress," and the Imperial Prince may be allowed to find the country dull.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

EFFECT OF A EUROPEAN WAR ON THE UNITED STATES.

EVER since the war in Europe has become a comparative certainty, economists and merchants have been anxiously inquiring what effects it will produce upon this country. It is quite certain that, under no circumstances, can we become involved in it; the only point of contact between the United States and the belligerent nations is our commerce. How far and in what way that commerce can or must be affected by the war is a problem of paramount interest to all of us.

The commerce of the United States, during the last prosperous year we had, consisted of the interchange of $360,000,000 of domestic cotton, breadstuffs, provisions, specie, tobacco, lumber, manufactures, etc., etc., for $360,000,000 of foreign dry goods, groceries, manufactures, and merchandise generally. Taking the fiscal year 1856–'57 as an example, the United States exported, in round numbers, of domestic produce:

		Value.
Cotton		$131,500,000
Breadstuffs		58,300,000
Provisions		16,700,000
Tobacco		20,200,000
Manufactures of various kinds		26,800,000
Fish and oil		3,700,000
Lumber, naval stores, and furs		14,700,000
Sundries		7,000,000
Specie		60,000,000
To which add—		
Foreign specie re-exported	$9,000,000	
" tea and coffee do.	4,000,000	
" sugar do.	900,000	
" sundries do.	10,000,000	
		23,900,000
Making the total exports		$362,800,000

Our principal imports were, in round numbers:

	Value.
Teas	$5,700,000
Coffee	22,400,000
Specie	12,000,000
Dry goods	110,000,000
Metals and manufactures thereof	36,500,000
Watches	3,800,000
Leather and manufactures of	4,500,000
Porcelain and earthenware	4,200,000
Hides	10,000,000
Flaxseed and Linseed	3,000,000
Wool	2,100,000
Wines, spirits, and beer	9,000,000
Molasses	8,200,000
Sugar	42,700,000
Fruits and spices	4,000,000
Tobacco and cigars	5,600,000
Sundries	78,100,000
Total imports	$360,800,000

Besides the above, we have other dealings with the foreign world which appear in no commercial returns. These are connected with our various public and private securities. It has been estimated—in a rough way—that three hundred millions of American securities are held abroad: assuming this guess (for it is but a guess) to be accurate, we have about $21,000,000 of interest to send abroad annually. Until within the past year this amount has been far more than counterbalanced by the money sent here for investment. During the three or four years previous to the crisis it is probable that Europe sent over $50,000,000 per annum to this country for investment in American stocks. Since the crisis very little money has come here for that purpose.

The above statement will enable every one to form an accurate notion of the manner in which our commerce may be affected by the impending war.

With regard to our imports, it does not appear likely that they can be materially affected by a war, with the exception of the article of dry goods. It is well known that even at present the French and other European manufacturers can hardly fill the orders for dry goods sent from this country. War will naturally reduce the force at the various mills and diminish their productiveness. It may therefore be expected that during the war our dry-goods men may be driven to rely more on our own mills and less on those of Europe. The same may be the case, to a less extent, however, with other European manufactures. In other respects, assuming that our capacity to buy remains unimpaired, there is no reason for supposing that our import trade at large can be materially affected by a war.

The case is very different when we turn to our exports. It is our exceeding good fortune that while we import articles of luxury and comfort, we export articles of prime necessity—commodities which our customers can not do without, whether they go to war or stay at peace. Mankind must be clothed and fed in war as in peace, and Providence has so ordered it in His bounty, that it is with our cotton, and, under certain circumstances, with our corn, and our beef and pork, that the civilized nations of the world are clothed and fed. In a general way, therefore, it may be said that war can not curtail the foreign demand for our staple exports, because they are necessities, essential to the sustenance of life.

It will affect them differently, however. War takes men from factories to make soldiers of them; hence, of course, a diminished capacity to produce manufactured goods, and a reduced demand for the raw material. It is reasonable, therefore, to anticipate a decline in the European demand for American cotton. That this is the general opinion, is shown by the fall of about ⅜ c. a pound in cotton on the Liverpool market since war became inevitable. But what will be the extent of the decline in demand? Assuming that Great Britain keeps out of the war and continues to trade with foreign countries, also that the French ports are not blockaded, it may be presumed that the decline in the demand for cotton will be about equal to the amount which would, in peace, have been used in the mills by the workmen who, in consequence of the war, have enlisted in armies. For in war as in peace men and women must be clothed; and though wars are exhausting operations for a people, the exhaustion is not felt at first, and the capacity of people to pay for clothing is not impaired for a considerable period after war breaks out. Nor can war affect the foreign demand. It is evident that the United States, the Canadas, India, China, South America, Australia, Holland, and Northern Germany, which countries alone take half the cotton manufactures of Great Britain, will consume just as much cotton goods during the war as before. The same argument will apply to France. It is evident, therefore, that, the demand remaining the same, the supply of foreign cotton goods will only be diminished—for a year or two at least—by the reduced capacity of production; which will simply have the effect of stimulating increased production here to supply the unsatisfied demand. In other words, and in fine, the effect of the war on the demand for cotton in Europe will be to reduce it; but the reduction will be no more than proportionate to the amount of labor diverted from industry by the war, and will be at least balanced by the increased demand for consumption in the American mills. This year, for instance, we shall send abroad 3,100,000 bales, and retain 650,000 @ 750,000. If the war continues, our consumption may amount to a million bales or a million and a quarter.

The effect of war on breadstuffs and provisions is revealed in the rise which has taken place in those articles since war became imminent. War tends to enhance the market value of bread and beef both by diminishing the supply and increasing the demand. Soldiers in the field consume far more food than men engaged in peaceful avocations. They must be well fed, or they will not fight. They will not stint themselves, for 'tis the State which pays. The rapid movements of armies, and the casualties of warfare involve enormous waste. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that one hundred soldiers in the field consume and destroy food enough for two hundred mechanics or laborers. On the other hand, it is obvious that any diversion of labor from the farm to the camp must cause a proportionate decrease of farm produce. It is doubtful whether Great Britain and Ireland contain, all told, 700,000 adult males engaged in farm labor; if 50,000 of these are taken from the plow and set to carry muskets, it is clear that the agricultural yield of the country that season—all other things being equal—must be over 7 per cent. less than usual. It is, then, safe to infer that, so long as the war lasts, the demand for American breadstuffs and provisions in Europe will enable us to sell all that we can spare, and at high prices.

With regard to our other exports—specie excepted—the war can not make much difference. Of the various manufactured goods which we export, India rubber shoes are the only article of which Europe is a consumer; the others go to various parts of the American continent, to Asia, and to Australia, and their export can not be affected by the war. There is no probability that war will diminish the number of smokers, and tobacco growers need feel no apprehensions that the foreign demand for their staple will decline. The same and the previous remark applies to fish, oil, rice, and other of our minor exports. In the event of any trouble in the Baltic, there would be an increased demand for our lumber in the maritime States of Europe; otherwise, the trade could not be materially affected.

Our specie export must be considered, in deference to public prejudice, in a separate manner. When sound commercial principles obtain universally, the export of specie, like the export of corn and cotton, will be regarded as a gain and not as a loss; there will be no more fears expressed in reference to the probable effects of a drain of specie than are entertained at present in consequence of the large foreign demand for cotton and wheat. But as the education of the public mind has not progressed far enough to render bank panics impossible, it is necessary to inquire whether, in the event of war in Europe, there is any prospect that our supply of specie can be taken from us, or reduced below what public prejudice pronounces a safe home reserve?

Two propositions are clear, at the outset. War creates a demand for gold, which, in the old phrase, is its "sinew." But the foreign world can take from us only as much gold as it pays for in the shape of foreign merchandise, and no more.

The United States ship to the foreign world just as much specie as their exports of produce and merchandise fall short of their imports of foreign goods and wares. During the two or three years previous to the crisis our exports fell short of our imports from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000, and accordingly we shipped that amount of specie, and no more. California was yielding $75,000,000 or thereabouts per annum, and we could have afforded to ship more. The question whether the same proportion will obtain in the ensuing year can only be determined by the relative amounts of our imports and exports of produce and merchandise. Thus far the imports of 1859 are large, in excess of any previous year. But on the other hand, the net yield of the cotton export of 1858–'59 is largely in excess of that of any other year; and though the export of breadstuffs, in consequence of the poor crop last year and low prices, has been almost nominal—say 85,000 barrels flour and 400,000 bushels wheat to Great Britain from this port since September 1—the prospects of the new crop are excellent, the area sown is unprecedently wide, the weather has been very propitious, and the prospect is fair for high prices. We do not believe that the imports of the calendar year 1859 will be greatly in excess of those of the great fiscal year 1856–'57; and the chances are that the export of cotton, provisions, and breadstuffs will be in excess of that of that year. If this be so, the specie export will be less than that of 1856–'57, and will leave us over $15,000,000 of the California yield, after paying all balances to Europe. If our expectation is unfounded, our specie export could still be increased $15,000,000 over that of 1856–'57 without drawing a dollar from the Atlantic States.

It is hardly necessary to allude to the opinion which we see mentioned in some papers, to the effect that the necessities of Europe will draw our specie from us independently of our trade. It is really ludicrous to notice the importance attached by some people to the movements of the Bank of England, as though that institution, by its *ipse dixit*, could control the laws of trade. Europe may, of course, by offering a premium for gold, cause it to be exported freely from this country; but until she can grow her own corn and cotton, it will, in such a case, come back again fast enough to pay for those indispensable commodities.

An opinion is very generally entertained among financial men which, if sound, would go to prove that our gold export, instead of increasing, must diminish. A general European war must discredit enormous amounts of European securities. The very prospect of such a war must alarm numbers of capitalists, who, when they look round for new investments, will find none so safe or so lucrative as United States and other first-class American securities. Already we notice that, since war became inevitable, the new Government loan has advanced to 104½. If, under the pressure of European embarrassments and general distrust, the rich men of England and the Continent sent over here only as much money as they sent in 1854, 1855, and 1856, our specie export would probably be reduced at least one-third.

On the whole, though every humane man will deplore the fatality which leads a hundred millions of intelligent human beings to go to war with each other, and spread misery and desolation over the most glorious part of the earth's surface, in a commercial point of view we see very few chances that the impending war can prove injurious to the United States. It can not materially diminish the market for cotton, though it may transfer part of the demand from Europe to the United States; it must increase the demand for breadstuffs and provisions; it must give employment to our shipping, and increase the flow of immigration; and, if it lasts long, it is quite likely to hasten the inevitable period when this country will become the banker of a large portion of the civilized world.

THE BRITISH PANIC ABOUT FRANCE.

THE great British public and their chosen organ, the London *Times*, are visited by periodical panics in reference to the designs of the French. It is a fixed idea in the British mind that the French nation and their ruler, the Emperor Napoleon, are aiming at the conquest or humiliation of England. No matter how utterly at variance such a policy may be with the interests of France, and no matter how completely it is contradicted by the words and deeds of the French Government, John Bull—like the nun in the old tale—insists on being outraged, and will not be pacified.

The delusion is no new thing. It is now obvious to all unbiased readers of history that if there was one object above all others on which the elder Napoleon had set his heart, it was an alliance with Great Britain. He never attained that object, mainly because the English were so stubbornly set on disbelieving his word, mistrusting his promises, and misinterpreting his acts, that, say or do what he might to conciliate them, he always found them his implacable enemies and his wanton traducers. They were honest in their hate. They could not be convinced but that he sought the conquest of their island. It was a monstrous delusion, as we all know. But all England shared it; and even to this day it is part and parcel of the patriotic creed of nine out of every ten Englishmen.

Very few readers of the papers have forgotten the awful predictions of the *Times* at the time Louis Napoleon became Emperor. Even Junius—that prince of polished scurrility—appears moderate and forbearing when contrasted with the attacks on Napoleon which were published daily in the London papers six and seven years ago. Every species of calumny and insult that ingenuity could invent or genius barb were leveled at this single man for week after week, and month after month, and year after year. He could not make a speech without being pronounced a liar, a cheat, and a scoundrel. He could not put down a red republican riot without being told that he was a murderer of the blackest dye. When he married, the most respectable London journals calmly proceeded to vilify his own and his wife's private character with an infamous recklessness of truth and decency which they dared not have used in speaking of any British subject, however humble. And all this while, to keep the British temper at quarreling pitch, England was daily assured that a thousand indications made it certain that Napoleon was planning a descent on Great Britain.

All this Napoleon requited, first, by resolute calmness, next, by engaging in an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, and by going to war with Russia to prevent her interfering with the British overland route to India. It might have been supposed that this would have silenced the hate and spite of even the *Times*. But it did not; on the contrary, they grew more intense. Though the French had no contemporaneous accounts of the war in their newspapers, and thus the field of bragging was exclusively abandoned to their allies; though even the British correspondents admitted that the English were too late at the Alma, would have been overwhelmed at Inkermann owing to their old blunders but for Bosquet and the French, and delayed the fall of Sebastopol several weeks by failing to take the Redan; though the French management of their troops was as skillful and soldierly as that of the English was clumsy and disgraceful; and though, in the face of all these shortcomings of the English, not one word of reproach or complaint, not one sneer ever appeared in a French print: yet the British writers, during and after the war, constantly and studiously endeavored to make it appear that the British had been cheated by their allies; that the disgraces—which proceeded from their own errors and bad generalship—were the fruit of French tricks; and that Napoleon, who threw away 500,000,000 francs and 100,000 men to fight England's battle, was not her sincere ally. Even when there was actually nothing more to fight for, the English persisted in asserting that the treaty of Paris was forced on the English by Napoleon, who betrayed them for the friendship of Russia.

Next came the affair of the colonels. An attempt of an atrocious nature had been made to murder the Emperor, and had nearly proved successful. The assassins had lived in England, met and conspired in England. The instruments of death had been manufactured in England, and shipped from England. The money which sustained the murderers had been raised in England. The real heads of the conspiracy, the men who would have reaped the profit had the bombs done their work, were the guests of the English people, the protégés of the leaders of English politics, valued contributors to the English press. When the attempt was made there was no outcry in England. People were shocked, but there was no indignation. On the contrary, when a fellow who had at least connived at the atrocious crime, if, indeed, he was not an active accomplice, was arrested and tried, British sentiment took his part openly, overawed court and jury, and made a hero of him when he was acquitted. Was it surprising under the circumstances that the French colonels should express a pretty lively indignation at such conduct on the part of a friendly people? If the case had been reversed, and the assassins had attempted the life of Queen Victoria, and the Paris mob had glorified them and overawed the court where they were tried, would the British soldiers have been mealy-mouthed in their addresses? We think they would have used language far stronger than that of the colonels. Yet on the first outburst of anger on the part of the latter the English set up their old howl about a French invasion, the London *Times* called for more coast defenses, and Mr. Sampson, the London correspondent of our New York *Commercial Advertiser*, actually fixed the time of the French declaration of war against Great Britain at sixty days from the day on which he wrote to our venerable contemporary.

Well, this fright blew over like the others, and though the English were deeply grieved that the French should dare to improve the port of Cherbourg; though the British heart was lacerated by the affront put upon the Queen by the Emperor in inviting her to come and see how he had made a safe harbor where was none before, John Bull after a time allowed himself to be calmed. To be sure, Mr. Roebuck, not a bad type of his countrymen in some respects, did come back from France where he had been most hospitably feasted, and wined, and promenaded, and abuse the Emperor roundly. But the public generally were quiet.

Now, the old disease has broken out afresh. France has determined to settle the Italian question once for all, and to stop up that spring of incessant discord. To do so the more effectually, she has made a convention with Russia to the effect that the war shall be confined to Italy, and that Russia shall do her best to see fair play between France and Austria. Some word of this convention reaching England, the *Times* and the British public again splutter with rage. In their blind fury they make out that the convention is a treaty offensive and defensive, that Russia has handed over her fleet to the Emperor to be used against England, and that Denmark has presented the Emperor with her half dozen ships for the same purpose. All this the *Times* asserts unequivocally, the stock exchange believes, at a cost of 52 members, and poor Mr. Sampson once more pours forth the vials of his wrath on Napoleon in the columns of our respected contemporary.

It is in vain that one by one the facts are disproved. Denmark shows that she has made no such alliance; no matter. The Russian Embassador officially states that his master contemplates no design hostile to Great Britain; he is not listened to. Common sense points out the utter absurdity of such a combination as British terror has conjured up; it is all of no avail. The English must have their bugbear. They *will* be outraged, and there's no use trying to soothe them. Like Molière's Imaginary Invalid, they are ready to knock any man down who is skeptical about their dreadful sufferings.

A few weeks hence the furor will subside, and the French Invasion will again be postponed. But the play is too popular to be withdrawn permanently from the bills. It will be reproduced from time to time, to the grim satisfaction of the British, for many a year to come—until, indeed, the Englishman of the Roebuck and Sampson type be wholly defunct.

THE LOUNGER.

DR. PRIMROSE AT HOME AGAIN.

DR. and MRS. PRIMROSE, with the girls, have gone home. If any thing could have made them angry, it would have been the damp weather which followed the summer warmth of the previous week, and which drowned out so many of the anniversaries. Indeed, the Doctor was heard to say, in an impatient manner, on Wednesday morning, "Dear me! rain again!"

But he was instantly ashamed of himself, and, looking at his wife, he said, "I know it, my dear—it *was* beautiful weather, and I am an ungrateful, surly dog. I hope it will rain the rest of the week just to punish me."

That was the spirit in which Dr. Primrose went to all the anniversaries, especially to that of the American Tract Society, in which he found brotherly love and Christian charity prevailing to a quite remarkable degree. He went into the Palace Garden on Monday evening, and was much entertained by the staccato style of Mr. Fry. He missed his old friend Dr. Bethune when his other old friend Dr. Bacon sat down in the Academy. He was half inclined to agree with Mr. Ketchum, until he heard the speakers on the other side, and came out of the meeting firmly resolved that there were two sides to every question.

Dismissing Mrs. Primrose and the girls as they passed the City Assembly Rooms, he ran up and stood for a little while by the door to satisfy himself whether the feet of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips were really cloven. Somebody was speaking, but Dr. Primrose could not tarry. He merely observed that it was the most fervent and exquisite oratory he had ever heard, and could not believe his reverend brother Prime, who told him he had been listening to Phillips. "Impossible, Sir," replied Dr. Primrose, "for it was a man who believed what he was saying."

He never heard music more touching than that of the blind scholars as they sang in the Academy, nor saw a lovelier spectacle than the Sunday-school children by thousands. He heard with delight how far the Bible had been carried, and his heart overflowed with sympathy for the mariner and orphan.

In fact, every cord of Dr. Primrose's heart was thrilled and responded. He ventured to dine at Delmonico's, and was delighted with every thing but the bill. Yet he cheerfully paid it, and told mother she must cut off the puddings for a week at home. He was a little troubled by the waiter, who would look at him and stand ready with a napkin, as if he were going to flirt him out with it like a mosquito the moment he was done eating. But he took advantage of the man's being called off by somebody else to stop suddenly, and so escaped extinction.

Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, with the girls, went home with a very confused idea of the great city and the societies and the speaking. Three things, however, they were sure of: it had rained hard, mother had spoiled her best bonnet, and they had eaten a capital dinner at Delmonico's.

THE WAR.

THE war is the inevitable topic. The *London Illustrated News* laughs at the lawyers who declared that the attention of the four quarters of the globe was concentrated upon the Washington Courthouse. And well it might; for the attention of the world is concentrated upon a readjustment of the map of Europe.

The nations are undoubtedly going to fight. The war spirit has been invoked, and it will not be laid except by blood and the smell of powder. And since war is inevitable, it is delightful to know that nobody is to blame. Austria, France, and Sardinia will strike the first blow; and they have each issued a card to the public, stating that they draw the sword with immense reluctance, and only after a profound conviction that the peace of the world, the repose of Europe, and the happiness of mankind could be preserved in no other way. Each one of them has endured and waited in a way that only a magnanimous nation could. Each has seen its most sacred rights and the faith of treaties invaded until it can stand it no longer. Each regrets, relucts, deplores; but *Oesterreich Lebe hoch! Vive la France! Viva l'Italia!* and forward march!

Every body is groping in the dark in regard to actual or prospective situations. And naturally enough; for there is no evident and sufficient occasion for the war. There is no cause at stake. There is only a conflict of dynastic ambitions.

If any body believes, because the French Emperor talks about the independence of Italy, that he is about to run the risk of a Continental war to secure that independence, any body exhibits an innocence that should have been rewarded with the largest leather medal at the late anniversary of the American Sunday-school Union. When the French have driven out the Austrians from Italy, who shall drive out the French? is asked, with singular pertinence, by the London *Times*.

But never in our time—never since the victory of Waterloo—has England stood in so unhandsome a situation as now. She has been outwitted. She has been left aside. There is an evident political paralysis in the country—a sort of imbecility in the Government, and chagrin in the papers. Is it not because the sentiment of the English government is not that of the English people? There has always been a strong Italian sympathy on the part of that people, and the Government has leaned toward Austria, but taken no firm position any where. No wonder that the English funds fell, and English merchants failed, and the English journals could not conceal their growls at France.

The elections, which were pending when the *Persia* left, will show what is the real sentiment of the country. As Lord Derby said at the Mayor's dinner, the Ministers do not know whether they are in or out.

EXIT THE GRAND DUKE.

THE revolution of 1848 began with the singularly ridiculous incident of the King of France departing from his palace, no man pursuing, under the name of Mr. Smith, with a baggy umbrella under his arm.

The war of 1859 opens with a similar spectacle. The poor old Grand Duke of Tuscany, who really seems to be a personally benign old gentleman, but who has the least stomach of any potentate on record, has gone off to Bologna without so much as packing his trunk or naming a successor.

So far as appears, a tolerable farmer or grazier was spoiled in Leopold. Twenty years ago the tourists in Europe used to entertain us with accounts of the mild paternity of the Florentine government—Leopold being papa—we were regaled with stories of his affability—we were told how he raised such milk—and sold such butter—and how neat his farms were—and how like any ordinary human being he walked in the Cascine, and, having his grand Ducal halo under his hat, was not to be distinguished from any other easy-going old gentleman.

And he gave such pretty balls—and was so well-behaved at home—and drove out in such a George Third style in a carriage overflowing with offspring—and touched his hat so benevolently: it was blissful. Tuscany figured as a kind of Elysium. It was one of Claude Lorraine's pictures come true, and Leopold was the serenest of good-natured shepherds.

Suddenly came the thunder clap of '48, and the serene shepherd shivered and fled. The Austrians brought him back again surrounded with their soldiers. He told lies to the Tuscans on a small scale, as Louis Napoleon did to the French upon a great one. He revoked their Constitution. He was at once cowardly and treacherous, as weak men always are.

But the people were used to him—and to the Austrian soldiers. The fires of the revolution died out, and the easy old soul remained until, a month ago, his officers came to him and told him they could not answer for their soldiers if he did not take the Italian side. "Gracious me!" cried his serene Highness, and departed.

Weakness in responsible situations generally results in the most atrocious crime. That old, dull, Windsor farmer, George Third, who used to walk on the terrace with a regiment of children, and was such an example (as was fondly averred by John Bull) of all the family and Christian and rustic graces, was the meanest tyrant in England since James Second, with much less ability than the Stuart. Other qualities are wanted in Kings and Grand Dukes than lymph, oil, and philoprogenitiveness.

THE POET PERCIVAL.

TICKNOR & FIELDS are constantly showering blue and gold drops from Parnassus. They have already issued a lovely library of the poets and people who write poetic prose. A lover could hardly give a prettier or properer gift.

The last volumes are Owen Meredith's poems, and Percival's, and Mrs. Jameson's studies and stories. The first is Robert Bulwer Lytton, son of the novelist, who has great opulence and facility, and whose first volume of poems was highly praised in England. But they have too strong a flavor of Browning to please any one who is familiar with that poet. Mrs. Jameson is always graceful and pleasing; and this little volume has her papers upon the House of Titian and Adelaide Kemble, both of which are good.

The chief name of the three is Percival, whose complete poetical works are now, for the first time, collected. He was a man of singular gifts and personal attraction, but morbid and recluse.

Twenty-five years ago he was counted among our chief poets. Bryant, Halleck, Dana, and Percival were the singers of most fame in the classbooks and newspapers. Of late years Percival has doubtless lost his hold upon popular regard; and yet no man who would have books that fairly represent our literature can dispense with Percival's poems.

PEOPLE *VERSUS* KINGS.

IN all the war rumors there is not much said of the people. And yet, when the present order of things is destroyed in Europe, as it is like very soon to be, the great masses of the population may desire some change beside that from King Log to King Stork.

In fact, every revolutionary movement in Europe now must be regarded only as a step, more or less direct, in the great progress of Liberty. The French have an expression that the Revolution is in permanence. It undoubtedly is so. Our own country and England—both illustrations of different forms of constitutional governments of liberal and humane ideas, united with the continual prosperity and vast practical freedom which the mass of the populations enjoy, are perpetual reminders of the eye and mind of the European continental populations of a more desirable condition than their own, which actually exists, and of which many individual friends and neighbors of theirs are parts.

The incessant restlessness of Europe is the symptom of the revolution. No treaties, no accommodations, no *coup d'états* can possibly settle it; for year by year people become more intelligent, and in the degree that any State becomes intelligent it becomes free.

The result of the war of '59 will be precisely what that of '48 was—a wider education of the people of Europe, and a consequent advance in the possibility and practicability of political reform. If the French are left masters of Italy, it will be the conjunction of two revolutionary people. Even if France and Russia divide Europe between them, they will merely precipitate the struggle which the first Napoleon foretold—that between civilization and barbarism.

Does any body doubt which will win?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—BRAIN STORER, New York, wishes the *Weekly* to publish a Chronological History of the Kings of England. It may be enough to say that the publication will be commenced in these columns simultaneously with that of Johnson's Dictionary. Meanwhile our correspondent might consult Hume or Liddell's Chronology.

—A MAN, Chicago, thinks that any body who says that people ought to do as they would be done by is "a milksop." But why does he call himself "a man?"

—CHIRAYTA says that there is an herb of that name in Northern India, and he and his friends disagree about the pronunciation. The rule in such cases seems to be, if the native pronunciation is not known, to follow the English analogy; and that would be, in the present case, as our correspondent thinks, ki-ray-tar, the final *a* being broad.

—A BLUE-NOSE (Grand Lake, N. B.) asks if Sydney Yendys is a real name, and mentions that Yendys is only Sydney spelled backward. The real name of the poet who writes under that title is Sydney Dobell. As is said of Schuman, and Liszt, and Wagner, that their musical works belong to the music of the Future, so Dobell's poems may be classed with the poetry of the Future. The Mr. Lever connected with a transatlantic steam company is not the novelist, and we do not know whether he is related to Harry Lorrequer.

—TRAP (Pittsburgh) writes the Lounger a courteous letter heartily sympathizing with "A Word to Homo" in the *Weekly* for May 7, which is a word about Democracy and money.

—Two youths in Oakland College, Claiborne County, Mississippi, wish the Lounger to propose their names to his gentle readers as partners in the game of life. But the Lounger can only warn all fair dames against young gentlemen who woo by proxy.

—ALF STUART, who asks about certain poems, will probably see them in print, if he only waits long enough and generously considers the state of these columns.

—RUSTICUS IN URBE (St. Louis) sends some machine poetry, and warrants 20,000,000 lines per hour of the same sort. There are plenty other Rusticuses who send the machine article. The Lounger is very sure the Editor of the *Weekly* would be happy to receive another kind.

BISHOP DOANE.

WE place before our readers a portrait of this distinguished Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose lamented death occurred on the 27th of April. We feel bound, as faithful chroniclers of the times, to accompany this picture with a brief sketch of the Bishop's life and character. We look at him in a point of view different from that in which he is generally regarded. As our paper is a secular one, and not the organ of any church or denomination, it would hardly fall within our proper sphere to notice one who was only remarkable, as a bishop, for his zeal and success in advancing his own church and diocese. But there is a greatness in manhood which reaches beyond the bounds of all sectarianism, either in religion or politics. There are, now and then, men in the world who, however they may stand opposed to us in their principles and practices, make us feel and own "a man's a man for a' that!" Such a man was Bishop Doane. And as we strive by impartial views to draw pictures from the life of busy action before us, we look at him, not as dressed in the robes of his episcopal office, but as clothed in those attributes of humanity which made him especially a man of mark in his day and generation. He stands before us not merely as the bold, resolute, uncompromising advocate of certain religious principles—though we like him none the worse for that—but we see in him a type of our age and country, a conductor in the great moving train of progress, whose cry was ever "Go ahead!"

George Washington Doane was born in Trenton, New-Jersey, on the 27th of May, 1799. His early education was obtained in New York, where he was prepared for college by that well-known teacher, the Rev. Dr. Barry. He graduated with honor at Union College, Schenectady, at the early age of nineteen. He first commenced the study of law in New York, but soon turned his devotion to theology. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hobart, in 1821, and priest in 1823. During the time of his preparation, and for some time after entering the ministry, he exercised the hardly less important office of a teacher in this city. He thus employed the early vigor of his life for a great end; and, while yet a boy, took a man's hold of his duty. With true American spirit he became a master at an age when many are yet in their pupilage; supporting himself and others at a time of life when most young men require to be supported.

For nearly three years he exercised his ministry in Trinity parish, New York, and in that sphere of duty gave full promise of his future distinction. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belle Lettres in Washington College (now Trinity College), Hartford. In 1828 he went to Boston as assistant-minister in Trinity Church; and in 1830 he became rector of that important parish. From this field of duty he was called, in 1832, to the episcopate of New Jersey, and was consecrated bishop October 31, 1832. He went to reside at Burlington; and on the death of the venerable Dr. Wharton, in 1833, he was elected rector of St. Mary's Church in that place.

It was in his two-fold office of bishop and rector that the energy of his character displayed itself, and brought forth abounding fruits of vigorous and energetic life. But the cares and labors of this Bishop were especially devoted to the great work of education. His far-reaching vision perceived what power and influence for good would thus be attained.

It was in pushing on this work, almost unaided, and in that self-relying, trusting, American spirit, which is almost reckless of risk, that he became involved in those pecuniary difficulties which brought upon him so much suffering and trial. But it is now acknowledged that he brought all this evil on himself for no selfish or personal ends. And St. Mary's Hall—the largest and most successful female school in the land—and Burlington College stand as monuments and witnesses of his labors and sufferings. Bishop Doane is admitted by all who had the least knowledge of his life to have been one of the most laborious and self-sacrificing men of our hard-working age and country. He did not confine his cares or labors to his own diocese, but extended them to all the general interests of the Episcopal Church, and left his impress on them all. His heart and soul were in the missionary work, especially in the foreign missionary field of that Church.

To this hurried view of the life of this devoted Bishop we must add a brief notice of his character. There was in him a harmonious blending of the most opposite characteristics. His nature was a strange intermingling of the strongest and gentlest qualities. He triumphed in all his difficulties, not more by the power of a fearless heart and a mighty intellect than by the affection he inspired, which drew close around him a body-guard of friends whose devotion nothing could shake. Among these were men of the highest station and character. He was most hospitable and liberal in his disposition, and all he had was most freely shared with others. There was no reserve about him, either in speech or manner. He had in a marked degree that free-and-easy way with high and low, rich or poor, which is said to be one of the products of true Americanism. There was an atmosphere of independence about him which required no formal declaration to make it manifest.

His intellectual character had the same remarkable blending of strength and gentleness, of power and sweetness, which distinguished his moral nature. This was seen in his preaching, in his multitudinous publications, and in his poetry. His bold thought is set off with the lightest and gentlest touches of grace and beauty. While he was most powerful in debate, a match for a whole convention, he would go home after some stirring exhibition of his might and power, and breathe out the tenderness of his heart in stanzas to "the first violets of spring," or the flowers that bloomed on his mother's grave. One of the most practical, down-right, hard-working of men, he had an imagination which surrounded his daily life with the brightest images of poesy. Had he not yoked his Pegasus to an omnibus, what flights was it fitted for! If he had not chained himself to the hardest routine of duty, in the more pleasant fields of imagination he might have soared to the highest place among our living American poets.

THE LATE BISHOP DOANE.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

In one of his early poems he seems to define the character he would aim at, and the path he would pursue in life. The figure he employs shows his American spirit:

"What is that, mother?
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line!"

Such in truth was he from his earliest life, a type of the true American character, self-relying and undaunted. He was, in the best sense, a self-made man. He never depended on patronage; he made his own way,

"Firm in his own mountain vigor relying."

Smitten with sickness from exposure in his visitation of his diocese, he only laid aside his robes of office to come home and die. His life of toil and care ended in a quiet and triumphant death, with words of peace and faith upon his dying lips. He sleeps, at his own desire, by his mother's side, beneath the shadow of St. Mary's Church, his best and fittest monument.

A JINGLING PICK AT PIKE'S PEAK.

BY C. H. WEBB.

I MUST own to a *pique*, Mr. Pike,
At you and your Peak;
That my faith in this last golden "strike"
Is meagre and weak.
I believe that your newspaper glories,
After all, are but type-ical stories,
And pinchbeck at best!
That so far from a golden-paved ground,
Indeed there will scarcely be found
An ounce in the lap of the West.
And my Muse pities much, though she mocks,
All these rattle-brained seekers of "rocks,"
Who are leaving their sheaves and their shocks,
Enticed from their farms and their flocks
By the glittering plume of your crest.

Here I'll give you my opinion,
Though its gist you may not like—
All the gold of your dominion,
In "shot," "scale," or "chunk,"
Would not poise one wild-goose pinion—
You're a sort of Peter Funk,
I think, Mr. Pike!
And your victims all are going, going, going
To the Peak to dig and die;
When, in fact, they should be hoeing, hoeing, hoeing
Some potato-patch near by.

Ay, they're rushing day by day,
When the chance is more than fair,
'Stead of bringing dust away,
That they'll leave their own dust there.

Let them go with cradle, ladle,
Those chaps that like to roam,
There's a certain little cradle
I hope to rock at home.

What a cursed "yellow-fever!"
He that has a wife—to leave her
In quest of this gammon!
Small matter what his fate is
Who thus would immolate his
Lares and Penates
On altar of Mammon!

Oh! out upon such dreams
Of auriferous streams,
The "deposits" are—stuff:
He that goes to this Peak
In the course of a week,
Will look peaked enough!

And now my eager friend,
If a moment thou wilt lend
That long ear of thine,
I'll tell it in short metre
Where you, John, James, or Peter
Can find a rich mine:
In the field there by your door
Lies a wealth of gold in store
Which will rise at your touch;
With yourself rests the spade,
And if the mine be made
To yield little or much.

For there's virgin wealth in virgin soil,
There's a manly health in manly toil;
And speeding the plow and turning the sod,
You're serving at once yourself and your God.

THE NEW YORK LAW INSTITUTE.

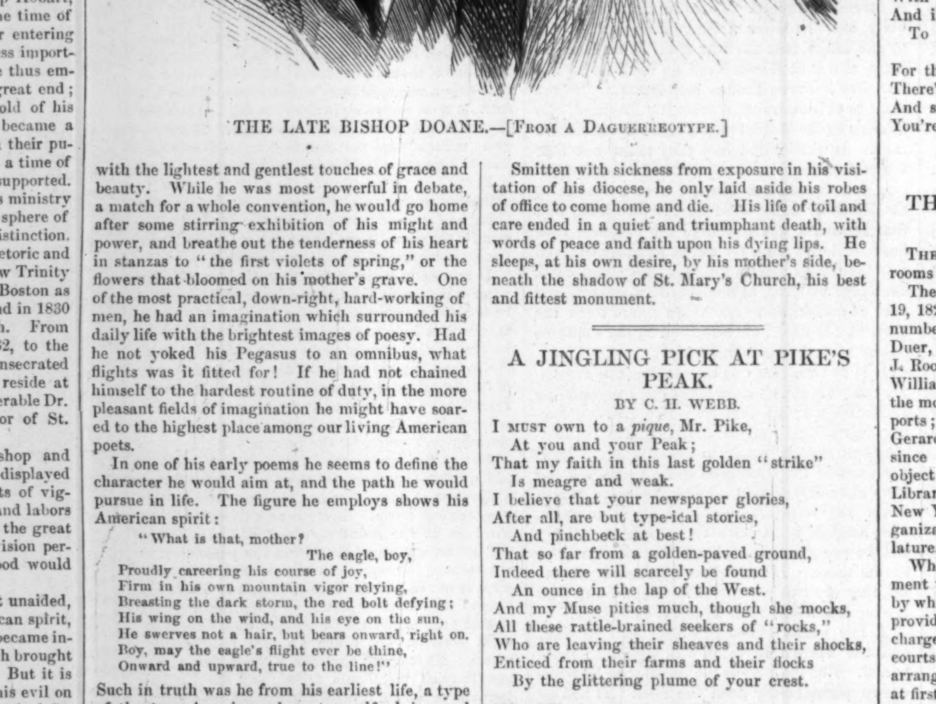
THE engraving given below is a view of the new rooms of the New York Law Institute.

The New York Institute was founded January 19, 1828. The original members were nineteen in number, among whom were Chancellor Kent, John Duer, since Justice of the Superior Court; James J. Roosevelt, now a Justice of the Supreme Court; William Johnson, well known as the compiler of the most valuable series of the New York Law Reports; also Messrs. David B. Odgen, James W. Gerard, Daniel Lord, Samuel Stephens, and others, since eminent members of the profession. The object of the Society was the formation of a Law Library for the use of the profession in the city of New York. In about two years from its first organization it was incorporated by Act of the Legislature.

When the Library was first founded an arrangement was made with the Corporation of the city, by which it was agreed that the Corporation should provide rooms for the use of the Institute, free of charge, and that the Library should be free to the courts and public officers of the city. Under this arrangement rooms were assigned to the Library, at first in the small room in the easterly basement of the City Hall, and afterward in the building known as the New City Hall. In 1854, however, this building took fire, from an overheated furnace-flue, and was burned; since which time the accommodations in the public buildings at the disposal of the Corporation have been so limited that the Law Institute has been compelled to shift for itself. For most of the time since the fire of 1854 the Institute has occupied hired rooms in Chambers Street; and here, in 1858, the Library was a second time injured by fire. The pecuniary damage on both occasions was, we believe, fully covered by insurance; but a bust of Chancellor Kent, and some fine paintings destroyed in 1858, can not be replaced.

Upon the recent removal of the United States Courts to the building in Chambers Street formerly known as Burton's Theatre, arrangements were made by which the Institute have a free use of the spacious and elegant rooms represented in the annexed cut. They have been conveniently fitted up and furnished, at an expense of little less than $5000; and a few days since the opening of the new apartments was celebrated by a meeting of the profession and an appropriate address by Hon. John W. Edmonds, Ex-Justice of the Supreme Court.

The Library of the Institute now numbers nearly 8000 volumes, valued at about $35,000. It is especially rich in English and American Reports, all of which now in course of publication are procured with the utmost promptness and regularity; and the collection, as a whole, has been gathered with special reference to the wants of the profession in daily practice. The funds for the payment of expenses and the purchase of new books are derived from the sale of shares and an annual assessment upon the shareholders; and, of course, the privileges of the Library, with a few honorary exceptions, are confined to the proprietors.



LIBRARY OF THE NEW YORK LAW INSTITUTE.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

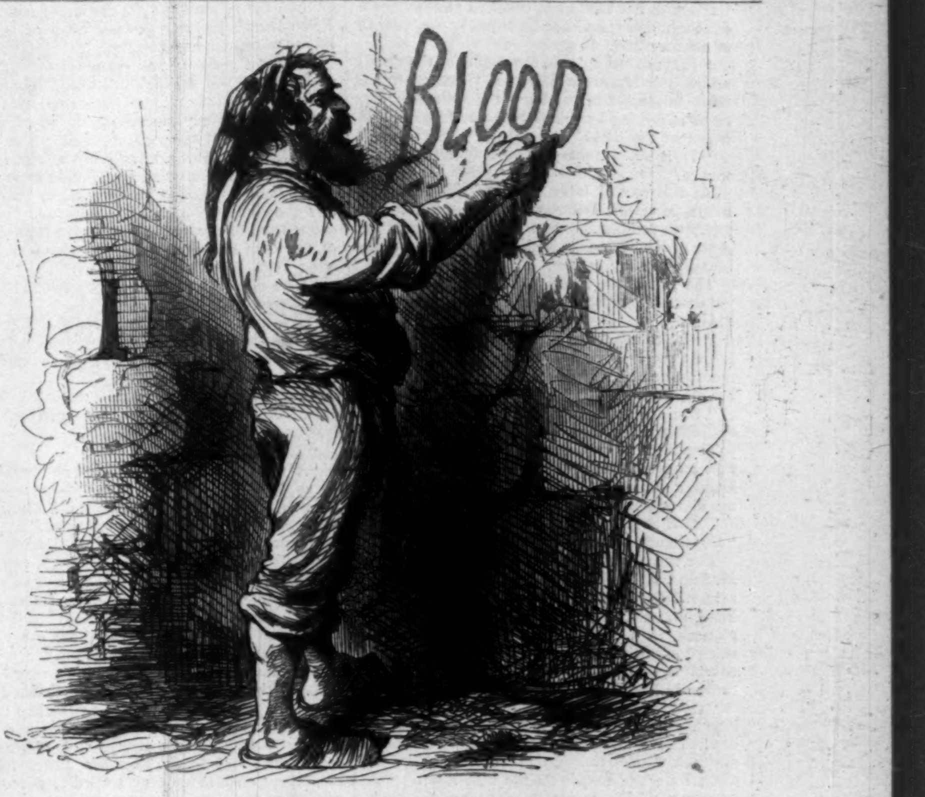
THE WINE-SHOP.

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthen-ware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if any body acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine-game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the fire-wood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that seemed more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a night-cap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees—BLOOD.



HE "SCRAWLED UPON A WALL WITH HIS FINGER DIPPED IN MUDDY WINE LEES—BLOOD."

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially, the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every door-way, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and plowed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent every where. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of fire-wood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of any thing to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred into atomies in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding-place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow, winding street, full of offense and stench, with other narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and night-caps, and all smelling of rags and night-caps, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about, enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all, grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the porkman painted up only the leanest scrags of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gun-maker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement, with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all: which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamp-lighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For, the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamp-lighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, fine of song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way,

"Say then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me thou—is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidently, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was—quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then recrossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear any thing more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humored-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at any thing, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

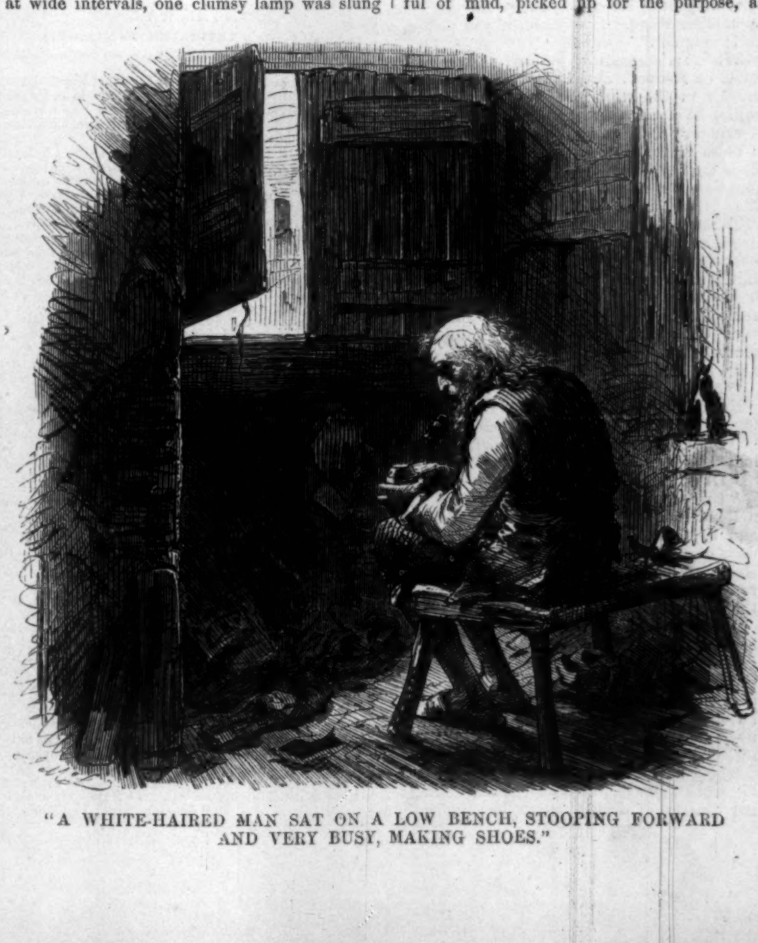
"What the devil do *you* do in that galley there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilled wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name



"A WHITE-HAIRED MAN SAT ON A LOW BENCH, STOOPING FORWARD AND VERY BUSY, MAKING SHOES."

was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of any thing but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! so much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen—my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced, in a casual manner, round the wine-shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good day! The chamber, furnished bachelor-fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The door-way of the staircase gives on the little court-yard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favor of a word.

"Willingly, Sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the door-way to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black court-yard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy tile-paved entry to the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus, Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I would take him, and, at my peril, be discreet—as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be bad enough now; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition so engendered would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted seemed to escape, and all spoiled and sickly vapors seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighborhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Nôtre-Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any question by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

"The door is locked, then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr Lorry.

"Is it possible?" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil! Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"*I* think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention he drew the key across it, three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a dry depository for fire-wood and the like, was dim and dark, for the window, of dormer shape, was, in truth, a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street; unglazed and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see any thing; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back toward the door and his face toward the window, where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EFFECT OF THE WAR NEWS.

The effects of the war news have been felt in our commercial and financial markets. The cotton market has been depressed and unsettled. Dealers and speculators in flour have been much excited, and State and Western brands have advanced about a dollar. Wheat has been in good demand and active, with a good milling request, closing at a large advance. Corn firmer, with fair sales. Pork has been excited, with free sales. Beef, especially repacked, prime mess, and India, have been sold freely at higher prices. Owing to the advance of grain, whisky has, within a few days, advanced from four to five cents per gallon, having closed yesterday at thirty cents. Rum has, with other cheap spirits, participated in the advance, and clayed Cuba molasses, largely employed in its distillation, has advanced from two to three cents per gallon. Rice has also advanced, owing to the war feeling and increased export demand. There has been considerable excitement in Wall Street, and stocks have again suffered a further depreciation. Several failures have occurred among the stock-brokers, the most important being the house of Jacob Little & Co.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts last week voted on the proposition to amend the State Constitution so as to require foreigners to reside two years in the State after naturalization before being entitled to vote. The vote was rather light, but the returns received indicate that the amendment is adopted by a very large majority.

HONORS TO HENRY GRINNELL.

We learn that the Imperial Geographical Society of Vienna has transmitted, through the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, to Mr. Henry Grinnell, the diploma of an Honorary Member, for the various scientific explorations to the Arctic regions, toward the outfit of which he so liberally contributed. The diploma is accompanied by a letter from the Secretary, of which the following is a translation:

"Vienna, *April* 7, 1859.

"*To the Hon. Henry Grinnell, Vice-President of the American Geographical Society New York:*

"Sir,—It has become my very pleasant duty to inform you that the Imperial Geographical Society, at their meeting on the 6th inst., has elected you one of their Honorary Members.

"The great interest which you have always manifested in the advancement of science, renders the Imperial Geographical Society confident that you will likewise retain in kind remembrance the furtherance of its objects.

"Allow me to express to you the sentiments of my most distinguished consideration.

"The First Secretary of the Imperial Geographical Society, "Fr Foetterle."

ANOTHER SICKLES TRAGEDY.

A fatal accident recently resulted at the Law School about fifteen miles from Gallatin, Tennessee. The students were illustrating the Washington affair, when the young man who took the part of one of the principals jerked out a pistol, which he did not know was loaded, and shot his most intimate friend through the chest. Mr. Tap used the pistol, and Mr. Burke received the shot. The shot was purely accidental. It was at first thought Mr Burke would recover, but mortification had taken place. Mr. Tap had suffered so much in mind that he has two or three times attempted to kill himself, but been prevented by his young friends.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles arrived in this city on Tuesday last, and is still here. Mrs. Sickles is at their former residence, on the Bloomingdale Road.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

AUSTRIA'S ULTIMATUM TO SARDINIA.

Count Buol's last dispatch to the Sardinian Court closes as follows:

"Our hopes having been hitherto disappointed, the Emperor, my august master, has deigned to order me to make a direct and last effort to induce the government of his Sardinian Majesty to alter the resolution which it appears to have taken.

"Such, M. le Comte, is the object of this letter. I have the honor to beg that your Excellency will give its contents the most serious consideration, and let me know if the royal government consents—yes, or no—to put without delay its army upon a peace footing, and to disband the Italian volunteers.

"The bearer of this, to whom you will be good enough, M. le Comte, to hand your reply, has orders to hold himself at your disposal for three days. If, at the expiration of that period, he receives no answer, or one which is not completely satisfactory, the responsibility of the grave consequences which this refusal will entail will fall entirely upon the government of his Sardinian Majesty. After having vainly exhausted all conciliatory means of procuring for his subjects a guaranty of peace upon which the Emperor has a right to insist, his Majesty will be obliged, to his great regret, to have recourse to force of arms to obtain it.

"In the hope that the reply which I solicit from your Excellency will be conformable to our wishes, which tend to the maintenance of peace, I take this opportunity," etc., etc.

SARDINIA'S REPLY.

A dispatch from Turin, of the 27th ultimo, says.

"A royal proclamation by the King of Sardinia to the army has been published to-day at five o'clock. The following is a summary:

"'The King regards the demand to disarm as an outrage on himself and the nation, and has therefore repelled the demand with disdain. The King calls to mind Italy's cry of anguish, and says: I will be your captain. I have proved your valor on the field of battle by the side of my illustrious father. This time you will have for your comrades the gallant French soldiers, your companions on the Tchernaya, whom the Emperor has sent to support and defend our just and civilizing cause. Forward to victory. Let our banners announce to you that our object, like our war-cry, is the independence of Italy!'"

VICTOR EMANUEL MADE DICTATOR.

Immediately afterward the following law for the concession of extraordinary powers to the King's government during the war was passed by the Chambers:

"*Art.* 1. In case of war with the Austrian empire, the King shall be invested with all the legislative and executive powers, and shall be able, under the Ministerial responsibility, to perform by simple royal decrees all the acts necessary to the defense of the country and of our institutions.

"*Art.* 2. The constitutional institutions remaining intangible, the King's government during the war shall have the faculty to make dispositions for the temporary limitation of the liberty of the press and of individual liberty."

THE PASSAGE OF THE TICINO BY THE AUSTRIANS.

During the night of the 26th ult., the Austrian army, amounting to 120,000 men, under the command in chief of General Gyulai, passed the Ticino in three *corps d'armée*, namely.

One corps of 60,000, commanded by General Beodeck.

A second of 30,000, commanded by General Gyulai in person.

A third of 30,000, under General Zobel.

The Austrians crossed over the bridge of Buffalora, which they afterward blew up.

They took the road toward Novara, the place where the Austrians, under Marshal Radetzky, defeated the Sardinians under Charles Albert in 1849.

REVOLUTION IN TUSCANY.

Nearly all the superior officers of the Tuscan troops (15,000 men) presented themselves before the Grand Duke at Florence, and declared to him that to prevent the revolt of the army there was only one way, viz., to unite with Piedmont and unfurl the tri-colored flag of Italian independence.

The Grand Duke immediately sent for the Marquis of Sajatico, and begged him to form a new administration, with a view of giving the reforms wanted.

The Marquis answered that he could not undertake the task or save the dynasty, except on two conditions:

First. The abdication of the Grand Duke.

Second. A declaration of war against Austria, and an alliance with France and Piedmont.

The Grand Duke refused these conditions, and declared he would quit Tuscany immediately, and leave the people to do what they pleased.

The Grand Duke, after throwing himself upon the protection of the Five Great Powers, retired to Bologna.

A military dictatorship had been proclaimed in Tuscany, and General Ulloa had been made dictator.

FRENCH TROOPS IN SARDINIA.

The correspondent of a French paper writes on 26th ult. "Three divisions of the French army, belonging to the *corps d'armée* of Marshal Canrobert, have crossed Mount Cenis and arrived at Susa, but a few hours from Turin by railroad. General M'Mahon, coming directly from Algiers, arrived yesterday evening at 11 o'clock, at the port of Genoa. His troops were on board of the *Eylau*, the *Impetueuse*, and the *Isly* (a line-of-battle ship and two other frigates). The hero of the Crimean war has been received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Genoese population.

"It is reckoned that we have at the present hour between thirty-five and forty thousand men in Piedmont, and that the number is increasing every day, almost hour by hour, and that before the end of the week the army will number seventy-five or eighty thousand men. General Trossard, Lieutenant-General of the Engineers, is at Turin."

NEGOTIATION NOT ENDED YET.

The *Times* Paris correspondent, writing on the evening of the 28th, says, "Negotiations are certainly not over, and the telegraphic wires between Paris and Vienna are constantly occupied by official communications. The mediation of England, some say, might be accepted on certain conditions, onerous, no doubt, to Austria. Something is said of a proposal that Austria shall pay an indemnity to Sardinia for the expense she has been put to for defending herself." The writer remarks, "It is curious to know what the Emperor of the French could do if the Austrians remained on their side of the river during the whole summer."

MOVEMENTS OF THE FRENCH ARMIES.

The French army of observation on the Rhine will be conspicuous chiefly for its imposing force of heavy cavalry. It will consist of eight divisions of cavalry and as many of infantry.

Eight steam frigates left Toulon on Tuesday the 26th ult., for Genoa. They were filled with troops.

The French army collecting on the slopes of the Alps will be of the most formidable character. It will consist of no less than sixteen divisions of infantry and four divisions of cavalry, and the artillery to match. Fourteen out of the twenty two battalions of Chasseurs are to form part of the Army of the Alps.

Genoa is to be occupied by the French as a basis of operations, whence they can threaten the Austrians' left flank, and there is to be another basis at Susa (Italian foot of Mount Cenis), which will be also fortified, and made a general dépôt for the troops that arrive through the Alpine passes.

The [illegible] states that the corps to be placed under the command of Prince Napoleon would soon assemble at Toulon.

The French troops experienced some difficulty in crossing Mount Cenis. Four thousand workmen were employed in clearing the pass of immense masses of snow.

The movement of troops was very active, and it was expected that by the end of the week there would be 80,000 of them in Italy.

Le Nord, of the 28th ult., says the Emperor Napoleon had notified the English Government that he had felt himself obliged to send a French army of occupation immediately into the Sardinian territory for the purpose of being in time to protect his ally against the attack of Austria.

The Cabinet of London replied *that under the existing circumstances England would offer no objection.*

WAR PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

On the 26th the Corps Legislatif assembled to receive the communication announced by Government. Count Walewski read to the Chambers an exposition of the negotiations which had taken place. The Count then went on to say, the Chamber would observe that if the Emperor made war, it was because he had been forced and constrained so to do by the aggressive conduct of Austria. In the negotiations every possible moderation had been used by France. Count Morny, president of the Corps Legislatif, expressed the hope that war would be limited to Italy. M Baroche then presented a project of law for a loan of five hunded million francs (£20,000,000), and for raising the contingent of 1858 to 140,000 men.

THE EMPEROR'S PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: "The Emperor has sent off his baggage, and is only delaying his own departure till he hears that hostilities have commenced. He will then immediately join his army and take the command. His advanced troops are under the command of the best officers of the army, and he has no fear, if any work is to be done before his arrival, that it will not be well done. Generals Bourbuki and Reynault, the two first that will engage in the conflict, are both brilliant men, and almost worshiped by the soldiers. All the chief commandants but the Emperor, the Prince Napoleon, and the Duke of Malakoff, have left Paris (Thursday 28th), and are by this time at their posts."

THE EMPEROR'S CARRIAGE.

In military circles every one rubs his hands and talks of a pleasant trip to Vienna. The Emperor's tent is on show for all comers. His carriages have already started. At the various coachmakers you see campaigning vehicles of all kinds—some for beds, some for baggage, some for ordinary traveling, but for rough usage, with the names of different general officers painted upon them in large letters. Every where it is nothing but war to the knife's edge.

FRENCH ENTHUSIASM.

The *Herald* correspondent, alluding to the scenes of the previous two or three days, writes: "Daily, nay, hourly, the soldiers of France were seen pouring down the Boulevards, *en route* to the rail, which, with the speed of light, was to convey them to the water's edge,

and thence to the plains of Italy. Young and old leave their occupations to form a deep and serried line on either side, while the noble troops, in heavy marching order, with colors flying and sonorous strains of martial music, pass between. These are occasions when the Gallic blood can no more restrain its impulses than the sea its flood. Women burst from the ranks of gazers, and fling themselves bodily into the arms of fathers, husbands, brothers, and last, not least, lovers. Strong men grasp tightly the hands of old comrades, and bid them 'God speed.' Here and there it is a father and son that impede the march, locked for a moment in each other's embrace, while big tears roll down their manly cheeks; or an aged matron falls weeping on the shoulders of her boy, whose soul is in his eyes as he whispers, '*Courage, courage, ma cherè mère, je reviendrai bientôt.*'

"But these are but the episodes of the scene. There is a cry—a shout from end to end along that phalanx of spectators—'*Vive l'Italie! Vive l'Italie! A bas l'Autriche!*' responded to again and again by each company as gayly it steps to the joyous music. From the windows and balconies of the lofty houses the cry is again echoed, and again and again taken up."

ADIEUX AT THE TUILERIES.

He adds: "Once, in passing the gates of the Tuileries, the Emperor was suddenly descried holding up in his arms the young heir of his house, who, with cap in one hand and waving a 'forget me not' in the other, elicited such an outbreak of *vivas* from soldiers and spectators as made the arcades of the Rue Rivoli tremble at their base. The incident was evidently impromptu, and as the Emperor stood at the gate on the same level with the crowd—and, in fact, mingled up with it—the colonel of the regiment advanced in the name of the regiment to salute his Majesty, receiving in return from Napoleon a hearty shake of the hand, and an embrace from the child. The whole mass of people, armed and unarmed, broke out into exclamations of real sympathy. Another day it was the Empress, who, as if discarding the paraphernalia of rank, thinking of nothing but her woman's heart, ever alive to the cause of the poor, appeared the cynosure of all eyes. First from her boudoir she came, without bonnet or shawl, by her side the young Julus, trotting *hand passibus equis*, and was all heart, by the graceful manner in which, standing close to the gallant legions as they passed, she gracefully waved her hand to bid them farewell. Many a dark son of Gaul, high cheek boned, and with eye somewhat lowering, threw back his head with flushed cheek and kindling glance as this unwonted sight met his eye, and the hearty outbursts of his *Vive l'Emperatrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!* left no mistake as to the sincerity of his feelings."

A CANTINIERE AND THE EMPRESS.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Several regiments of the Imperial Guard left yesterday, and as each regiment stopped at the Tuileries to receive its flag (all the flags of the Guard are kept at the palace when the regiments are not on duty) the Emperor, Empress, and Imperial Prince came out to salute them. The Emperor shook hands with the colonels, bade them God speed! and assured them that he should soon join them on the plains of Italy. A touching incident occurred on Saturday, as one of the regiments of the Guard approached the Tuileries. The *cantinière* of this regiment, on coming up opposite the palace, at the bureau of the officers of their Majesties, inquired if it was not there that was to be found the Secretary of her Majesty the Empress. On receiving an affirmative reply, she stepped out of the ranks, leading by the hand a little girl of six or eight years of age, and entering the bureau, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, I leave you my child! Conduct her to the Empress. I know she will take good care of her till I return from Austria!' Thus the mother left her child, happy in the thought that she would be well taken care of during her absence. She was not mistaken, for as soon as her Majesty was informed of the circumstance she sent for the child, and at once gave orders that she should be well taken care of till her mother comes back from the war."

FRENCH FINANCES.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "As to resources for the war, a loan of five hundred millions is required. But the Government have ample means for present purposes. The sum on hand at Paris alone was, yesterday, 88,000,000 francs. The bank, for the renewal of its charter, owes 100,000,000 francs, which can be immediately appropriated. Besides, there are 25,000,000 francs advance asked by the loan of the 9th of June, 1857. The treasury bills amount to 186,000,000 francs. Thus 300,000,000 francs can be obtained directly. 'Never,' says the *Exposé des Motifs*, 'has a great country been able to place at the service of a generous cause financial resources more solidly established. The funds for the war are at present assured, and the bill for the loan of 500,000,000 francs is only an act of prudent foresight.'

PARIS WITHOUT A GARRISON.

"Paris is in the anomalous condition of being absolutely without a garrison, a fact which speaks trumpet-tongued of the full reliance of Napoleon III. in the popularity not only of the war but of his dynasty. When, as President of the French republic, he sent his first war expedition to dislodge the lay government of the Romans, the workmen and *blouses* of Paris rose *en masse*, and had to be quelled by brute force. They surrounded the National Assembly with cries of 'Vive l'Italie!' and felt indignant at France co-operating with Austria in riveting the bonds of the peninsula.

"The custody of the metropolis is now quite safe in the hands of the National Guard."

THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSADOR IN PARIS.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The Austrian embassador has not yet left Paris. Some workmen, in passing his house last evening, made some demonstrations of disrespect, which induced the Government to station at once a guard of soldiers in front of his house. M. de Hubner is much respected in the diplomatic corps, but he has a phrase which has made the laugh of the corps for the last month. When he is asked what he thinks of the progress of affairs, whether there is going to be war, a question that is put to him perhaps fifty times a day, he has invariably the same answer: 'Well, really, I have not been able to arrive at an opinion.'

"Another speech, said to have been addressed by Lord Malmesbury to the Austrian embassador at London after Austria's final refusal, and current in the diplomatic corps at Paris, is the following: 'Sir, you know the English language well; so open the dictionary, and look for the strongest word in it; it will express our sentiments for the conduct of Austria.'"

WAR PREPARATIONS IN GERMANY

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 23d, says: "The preparations for war are carried on with great energy in all parts of Germany, and Bavaria has already between 70,000 and 80,000 men in a state of complete preparation. On the 22d inst. the managers of the Frankfort railroads received telegraphic notice that sixteen special trains, full of troops, were about to pass through. Hanover, Mecklenburg, and Oldenburg are about to make the 10th *corps d'armée* mobile. The King of Hanover paid a short visit to the Prince Regent a few days ago, and probably met the Archduke Albrecht at the Prussian Court. The Archduke was received with loud cheers when he arrived at Dresden, on his way to this city, which he reached the day before yesterday. A traveler who has just come from the Russo-Gallician frontier says that almost all the Austrian troops have been withdrawn from Gallicia. 'If,' says he, 'there were not a perfect understanding between the two monarchs the Austrian frontier could not possibly be left in such an exposed state.'"

MILITARY PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND.

In England orders had been given at Woolwich for the hasty preparation of war materials, ready for any sudden emergency; and the heads of departments were summoned by telegraph to meet at the War-office in London on the 28th ult. The London *Advertiser* says that a proclamation from the Queen was about to be issued, calling out ten thousand men for the navy, and offering a bounty of ten pounds to each man as an inducement to enter the service. The Channel squadron, which had gone to the Mediterranean, was to be immediately recalled; and on the 27th four new ships-of-the-line were placed in commission. The formation of volunteer rifle corps throughout England was being strongly urged on the Government.

ENGLAND TO REMAIN NEUTRAL.

In the course of a late speech, referring to an attack made upon him by a member of the opposition, Lord Derby said: "That noble lord supposes me to have said that I thought it the duty of England to maintain a posture of armed neutrality, in order that we might take the part of whichever of the belligerents we believed was in the right, and he adds that, from the manifest partiality which we have shown for Austria, there can be no doubt on which side we are prepared shortly to draw the sword. Now I take the liberty to say here—and I rejoice to have the opportunity of saying thus emphatically and publicly—that nothing could have been further from our view. I think that if the words which I used had been correctly represented to the noble lord he would have seen that it was impossible that they could have had that meaning. What I did say was this: that we intended to maintain a strict neutrality; but when a million or more men were in arms, when the contest was already engaged in, when war was not only imminent but in actual existence, and that, moreover, in Italy and upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it was incumbent upon, and absolutely necessary for us, looking to the great interests we have involved there, looking to our great possessions and the military positions we occupy in that quarter, that we should be in such a state as to maintain and defend the security of those possessions, and preserve the British flag and British arms from the possibility of insult amidst any of the contingencies which might arise in the contest. And I said this—not that we should maintain that armed neutrality for the purpose of joining this or the other of the parties with whose quarrels, whatever we may think of them in point of reason or in justice, there is nothing in our national interests or national honor which calls for our interference. So far from wishing to join either of the belligerents, I went on to say that our armed neutrality ought to be for the purpose of maintaining that position which we have held, and which as long as possible we are determined to hold—namely, that of perfect and entire neutrality, free from all engagements, fettered by no engagements and no promises, and completely at liberty to use the influence—God forbid that I should have to add the arms—of England in such a manner and in such a cause as we might consider to be called for, under the circumstances of the time, by the interests, the honor, and the dignity of our country."

MR. BRIGHT ON THE WAR.

In the course of a recent speech, Mr. Bright said: "Now, when it is not a question of Russia and the Turk, but a question of Paris and Vienna, and Milan and Turin, whatever be your opinion, whatever be the opinion of any class of my countrymen, let it be fairly understood that I am committed irrevocably, so far as I have any influence, to the entire absention of England from any meddling whatsoever. I can remain in the House of Commons—I can do my duty with such energy and capacity as have been bestowed upon me; or I can leave the House of Commons—I can return to my own domestic enjoyments, and to what were at one time my commercial and manufacturing pursuits, but there is one thing I can not do, and that is, to sit tamely by and see intriguing place-holders or intriguing place-hunters gradually, bit by bit, by blunders here, by tricks there, by crime yonder, step, drift, slide, as it were, into the terrific abyss which yawns below us. I value the blood, I value the sweat, I value the comfort, the lives, the homes, the happiness of the people of this country. Never for one single moment, at the behest of power, or at the call of popular frenzy and popular clamor, shall any man be able to charge me with being accessory to a policy which should sacrifice the happiness of the common people on the altar of sanguinary war."

THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN TREATIES.

The London *Times* says: "We believe we are correct in stating that there are two secret treaties now existing between France and Russia. By the first, Russia binds herself, in the event of France entering upon a war with Austria, to assist her by the co-operation of her fleets in the Baltic and Mediterranean, and besides to place an army of observation of not less than 50,000 men upon the Austrian frontier. By the second treaty, Russia is bound to declare war against Austria within fifteen days after she enters Piedmont. It will be exceedingly interesting to know the dates at which these treaties were concluded. Perhaps it may be found that the first has been in existence for some time, and that the second, which is only supplementary, is that which it is asserted was concluded on Friday last."

HOW THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN TREATY WAS DISCOVERED.

Mr. Sampson writes: "The discovery of the treaty between France and Russia is understood to have been made by the bribery which, with regard to diplomatic 'secrets,' is rarely known to fail. The rumor is that it was obtained by the Vienna Cabinet, at a cost of $100,000, and that the price is considered to be extremely low."

THE ANTI-BRITISH COMBINATION.

Mr. Sampson writes: "There is also a report, considered to be well founded, that Denmark has joined the combination. This union of the three principal naval powers of continental Europe tells its own tale. The fleets that will thus come into operation are not wanted to settle a comparatively small contest on the plains of Lombardy, or for the simple purpose of subjugating Austria, a power that has scarcely a sea-port of any importance. It is the development of a plot for a combined assault on England."

THE PANIC IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The London correspondent of the *Com. Advertiser* writes on 29th April: "The past few days have been terrible in the Stock Exchange. More than forty failures have been announced among the dealers—one of them to the extent of $600,000, and the confusion and dismay have been indescribable.

"Consols, which were quoted 93¼ at the departure of the last steamer, have since touched 88½. The subsequent rally has been only moderate, and the market is thoroughly unstable. For a large description of securities it has been impossible to obtain any price whatever. The Turkish loan, which was taken last year at 85, has been down to nearly 40. Lombardo-Venetian railway stock, the most promising investment in Europe, as regards its profits, actual and prospective, and which was recently at 50 per cent. premium, has been sold at 50 per cent. discount. Altogether, the depreciation in the funded and share securities held by British investers within the past three days may be estimated as at least equal to $500,000,000. American securities have of course shared in the general downfall, although their eventual prospects must be improved by all that is now threatening. Illinois Central are quoted at 45 discount.

"All this fearful aggravation has been caused by an announcement that treaties have been detected between Russia and France for a joint execution of the aggressive plans of the Emperor Napoleon."

THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.

The *Herald* correspondent writes. "The military preparations which Prussia so long hesitated to make, and had reserved for the last extremity, were undoubtedly accelerated by the communications this Government received from the Archduke Albert, and which showed the firm determination of his Imperial cousin to put an end to a state of suspense intolerable both to his fiery temper and to the exhausted finances of his empire, by striking a decisive blow. The Prince Regent and his Ministers remonstrated strongly with the Archduke, pointing out to him that by such a course Austria would forfeit the sympathies she enjoyed as a Power attacked unjustly, or at least without sufficient reason, and would incur the responsibility of disturbing the tranquillity of Europe by an offensive movement, undertaken in the midst of pacific negotiations, at a moment when England—who could certainly not be accused of intentions hostile to the Austrian monarchy—had come forward with a project, the terms of which appeared satisfactory to all parties. The proud and headstrong character of Francis Joseph is so well known, however, that such considerations could not be expected to have much influence on him, and the commencement of hostilities being therefore imminent, Prussia was obliged unwillingly to prepare herself for a contingency which she had vainly hoped to avoid."

PRUSSIA WILL REMAIN NEUTRAL.

The Prussian official organ says: "During the attempts at mediation—to which Prussia was especially called, both as a party to the treaties of Vienna, and as entertaining the most amicable relations with all the Powers concerned—the King's government has not for a moment neglected the consideration of her duties as a member of the German Confederacy. Well aware of the delay to which the organization of the Confederacy subjects the collection of its military resources, Prussia has not only made the proposals necessary for that purpose, but actively co-operated in the partial preparations already undertaken. The state of affairs having meanwhile assumed the most serious aspect, the King's government, after mature deliberation, have thought it time to propose to the Confederacy a collective measure in the interest of its security, and preceded this suggestion by placing three army corps in readiness for war. In issuing this order, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was guided by the desire of maintaining the honor and dignity of the Confederacy in the midst of the extensive armaments in the neighboring States, and of enabling it to act with energy in defense of its safety if endangered by the course of events. The readiness for war (Kriegsbereitschaft) of the *corps d'armée* forming the contingent of Prussia to the forces of the German Confederacy, and the proposal made by the Prussian Embassador at the Diet for similar steps to be taken by the other members of that body, are entirely in harmony with the defensive character of the Confederacy, and completely divested of every offensive tendency—Prussia, still adhering to her position as a mediatory Power, and continuing her exertions to bring about a solution of the present European difficulty, in accordance with her own interests and those of her German allies."

ENGLAND.

THE ELECTIONS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "In the English elections Lord Derby will have a gain of nearly thirty; but, as his conduct in dissolving Parliament at this critical time is much reprobated, at its meeting he is sure to be upset."

FRANCE.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND MURDER.

The Court of Assizes of Ardennes three days ago tried a peasant named Haguette, of Flize, for an attempt at murder. Twelve years back, when he was only seventeen years of age, he paid remarkable attention to a little girl named Lebas, then only twelve years old, daughter of a farmer of the village, and as they both grew older, he began to regard her as his future wife. For some time the girl's parents made no objection to his visiting her, but when, some months back, he began to talk of marriage, they resolved to break off with him, because he was idle, and because, also, the girl being destined to come into possession of some property, they thought that she might aspire to a person in a better station of society. The girl herself, though she had readily received the young man's addresses, consented without difficulty to reject him. Being much attached to the girl, he was plunged into despair at this decision, and constantly waylaid her for the purpose of supplicating her to accept him as her lover; but she always refused. He made repeated threats of vengeance against her and her family, but they were not regarded. At length, on the 6th of March last, a gendarme of the neighboring village, whom the parents had selected as the girl's husband, paid her a visit; and while he was in the house, Haguette, in a state of great agitation, flung open the window and cried out, "You shall regret this." The next day the girl ascended to a hayloft to take some hay for the oxen; the prisoner followed her unobserved into the hayloft, carrying with him a double-barreled gun, and suddenly clasping her round the waist he implored her to fly with him. She refused; he repeated his prayer, and intimated that if she did not comply with it he would kill her. The girl, however, broke from him, and he fired the gun at her twice, but without hitting her. The girl's mother, however, who at the moment happened to enter the hayloft, was slightly wounded in the hand by some slugs from the second discharge. The man took to flight, but was captured. In his defense all that he could say was that he was maddened by love and jealousy. The jury declared him guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and the court sentenced him to seven years' hard labor.

CRUSADE AGAINST STEEL STAYS.

A regular crusade has been entered into by the doctors of Paris against the frightful fashion of steel stays, brought in with the new cut of dress now in vogue. Attention has been drawn to the subject, and a report sent in to the Academy of Medicine, in consequence of the sudden death of the two young ladies employed in one of the fashionable houses of this place to show off the fashions. These young ladies, whose sole business was to walk up and down the Magasin, where the wonders of the imagination of the proprietors are displayed, vying with each other in the degree to which torture could be borne, had gradually accustomed themselves to be drawn so tight that, in one case, the bursting of a blood-vessel was the consequence; and, in the other, congestion of the lungs carried off the victim in a few hours.—*Court Journal.*

AUSTRIA.

WOMEN-WHIPPING IN ITALY.

On the 11th January, 1859, regulation was issued by order of the Austrian Vice-President of the Government of Lombardy, the Chevalier de Villata, providing for the punishment by whipping of men and women *arrested* or *convicted* in the courts of the Government. By this order the rod might be used, either as a preliminary in examination or as a punishment decreed by the courts. When applied to *women*, it was to be used by the wife of the jailer, or by some *competent woman* designated by the jailer; and the said woman was to receive for each whipping the sum of *two lire Austreache* (about forty cents of our money). For whipping men, the jailer or his substitute is designated, but for this service no extra pay can be demanded.

ITALY.

ILLNESS OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

The malady of the King of Naples has, it is said, taken the form of tubercular consumption, and so imminent is the danger which threatens his life that all the customary offices of religion have been administered to him. All the members of the royal family accompanied the Host, each bearing a lighted taper. The King prayed aloud, and addressed his children. He asked pardon of all present, and is said to have sent to his brother, Count Charles of Capua, a message in a similar sense. All the arrangements have been made for the funeral ceremonies.

BURIAL OF A ROYAL TUMOR.

A Naples correspondent of the Newport *News* makes the following statement:

"A most singular ceremony has taken place three days past, within the wall of the royal palace: His Majesty Ferdinand II. had been suffering of a very bad tumor, which came very near putting an end to his life. The physicians agreed at last to operate on their royal patient, and a monk of the order of the Camaldules was accordingly sent for. Said monk is a very skillful practitioner, and has, besides, the reputation of effecting miracles. Whatever be his claims to this last, he nevertheless succeeded, without the assistance of chloroform, in benumbing the sufferer. The King's confessor was standing at the side of the royal invalid, bearing the cross of St. Dominico, which according to the legend spoke to St. Thomas Aquinas. Thus assisted, Ferdinand supported the operation with courage, and cheered up the trembling operator, who set immediately to work. But when about to detach the tumor, the master of ceremonies, in grand costume, and carrying a silver basin, approached the King, and received the lump of flesh. Said lump was embalmed with quinquina powder and other aromatic herbs, conveyed in a silver urn and with great pomp to the palace-chapel, where it was buried with great ceremonies."

TURKEY.

THE SULTAN AND HIS WIVES.

The editor of the *Express*, now in Europe, writes to his paper: "The Sultan is now thirty-six years old, and he does not look much older, but he does look as if he had been wearied, and worried, and teased, and *caudled* into a shadow of a man by his harem. The Sultan only has seven *bona fide* wives, that is, wives who have the privilege of producing an heir to the throne. (They are called Kadines, and when the Sultan dies, can never remarry.) But the Sultan has a whole regiment of other pretty women, the prettiest that can be found in Circassia, or Georgia, or elsewhere; and if Pera gossip be true, his heart is soft, his nature is kind, and they give him a world of trouble. They run him into debt, and though he forbids it, and swears he won't pay, yet pay he does, almost to his ruin. It is not a wonder, then, that, with a harem of such women, he looks wearied and worried, for if one wife, in our land, employs and occupies a man, what can no better man do here, with seven real wives, and a little army of wives just as real in point of fact? Nearly the whole harem was out to-day to see him, or to attend him *en route* from his palace on the Bosphorus to the mosque near by. The curiosity of my profession, to say nothing of my curiosity as a man, was piqued to the utmost to see into the curtained carriages of this thus publicly exposed harem. I walked, then, and, of course, rewalked up and down, to steal a look or a stare wherever it was possible. The yaskmak, their vail of muslin, leaves their black eyes all out to human vision, and thin as the gauze often is, we have a good look at the mouth and chin. Then I had the benefit of some European ladies in my company, whose bareheaded hats and ample hoops were as great a curiosity to the ladies of the harems as their yaskmaks and flowing robes were to me. Thus it was woman's stare against woman's stare, and the natural curiosity of European and Asiatic woman gave me as good an opportunity to see the pent-up beauties of Constantinople as any *Giaour* is likely ever to have. I was not struck blind by any over-dazzling luminary. The eyes were often quite killing, but there was not that soul in them, that radiating intelligence, which can sparkle only from the cultivated mind. Pretty dolls! Charming playthings! All glittering in the silks or muslins of Broussa and the diamonds of Golconda! One can not help wishing to steal them from the tall, sturdy, sword-girt, black eunuchs that guard them; but then, what would we do with them if we had them?

THE IMPERIAL EUNUCHS.

"These black eunuchs, by-the-way, strike the American eye as the oddest of all the odd sights of Constantinople. They are picked men, six feet, or six feet eight inches high, mutilated when young, and raised for the especial duty of guarding the women of the harems. The chief of the black eunuchs holds one of the highest positions in the empire. He has the control of every thing belonging to the imperial harem, and apartment, and the government of all the eunuchs, white and black. Then, from the nature of his office, he has the means of ingratiating himself with the Sultan, and thus becomes powerful as a friend or an enemy of the officers of State. Hence all white men look up to him, and fear, though they do not love him. I saw the ladies in one of the carriages to-day call up a tall big black fellow of this sort (I could not find out his rank), and chat with him in the freest, easiest, and happiest manner, and upon the outside of this carriage was pointed out to me a son of the Sultan, who affectionately kissed the hand of the negro after he had left the ladies within. The whole scene reminded me of the free and affectionate intercourse I have often seen on our Southern plantations between the whites and the negro slaves of the households; but here it had a meaning different, very different, from the meaning there. There is no prejudice here against blacks. They are often masters as well as slaves—soldiers as well as eunuchs. Their numbers seem to be but few, and the population show to my eye no intermixture of the black and white races. The opposite races of men, however, seem to live on terms of equality, but practically to keep apart.

HOW TO GO TO A BALL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"From a mosque in Stamboul to a grand ball in Pera is not much of a stride, and so go with me there. Our Minister, Mr. Williams, and his lady—who seems to be much respected here—were kind enough to procure me an invitation to the Austrian Minister's ball, and I cheerfully accepted the invitation; for after seeing, this winter, balls in Paris, in Florence, and in Naples, I was curious to see how things were done in Pera, and if they were done there as elsewhere. It rained, 'and blew and snew;' and as no carriage passes Constantinopolan streets at night, certainly not the narrow street where lives the Austrian Minister, the question arose, 'How to go?' But this difficulty was soon obviated, for here all the world go to balls in sedans. The sedan is a covered chair, carried by two stout porters. The chair is carried into your hall, to your very dressing-room, if you desire it, and you step from the toilet-table into the chair. No spectacle is more curious than the sedan processions at night going to and from a ball; the stout porters going up and down the steep, stony, slippery streets, with lanterns in hand, and crying and howling at times the one at the other like so many demons possessed. The sedan is carried into the hall of the house where the ball is given, and the tenant alights with unsoiled feet and undisturbed toilet.

A GRAND BALL AT PERA.

"The change from the darkness and horror out of doors to the bright dazzling light within the Austrian Minister's palace was this night as of enchantment and witchery. It seemed to me, at first, as if I was in a fancy ball at home—though the reigning toilet was Parisian—but Greek, Armenian, Turk, as well as Frank of all European nations, created a picture so various, that it was more like a fancy than a real scene. The Turk here goes to balls to see our women, but lets no man see his!

"The Greek beauties of the ball, and the Armenian also, were too numerous to mention; but two or three of them, and one particularly, who spoke English as well as any one, made an impression not likely soon to be forgotten. The beauty of the Greeks and Armenians, when they are beautiful—and that is often—is so classical, so novel to an American eye, so fresh in this world's exhibition of beauty, that the sight once seen—if seen but once—is likely to last forever. The display of diamonds upon some of the Armenian and Jewish ladies indicated the possession of great wealth, for I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, save on the heads, necks, or arms of royalty. The dancing was exactly like ours, and dancing now is the same the world over—the waltz, the lancers, the German cotillion, etc., ending at three or four o'clock A.M. All the foreign ministers of the leading powers of Europe give repeated balls like this, and hence Pera is as gay as Paris in winter. Their governments provide them with great palaces, and keep them up and in order, their object being to keep up their influence in that 'sick man's' house of the Sublime Porte."

MEXICO.

MORE REVOLUTIONS.

The Mexican news received in New Orleans by the arrival of the *Tennessee*, from Vera Cruz, is quite interesting. Matters at the capital seem to be in the utmost confusion. It was believed that another change in the Centralist Government would soon take place, Miramon probably giving way to Zuloaga. Attempts were being made to effect a loan on a pledge of the Church property. General Robles was still at Jalapa, with one thousand men, and was stated to have issued a decree forbidding the passage of the American mails. He was surrounded by the Liberal forces. Guadalajara had been captured by the Liberals, and General Mejia had been completely routed by them, with great loss. The course of Mr. Otway, the British Minister, was severely reprehended by his countrymen. Private dispatches received in Washington corroborate the advices noted above, and represent the taking of the capital by the Liberals as merely a question of time.

VICTOR EMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

THE accompanying portraits of the Emperor of Austria and King of Sardinia, as well as the views on the Ticino, at the fortress of Alessandria and at the citadel of Milan, form part of the history of the times, and are worthy of preservation by all our subscribers. During the war which is about to begin, the places which we illustrate are likely to become classic sites, while the men may win historic fame.

To begin with the King of Sardinia, who—together with his minister Count Cavour, whose portrait and biography we gave in No. 123—has had the credit or discredit of commencing the present strife.

Victor Emanuel the Second, King of Sardinia, comes of a race older even than the Bourbons, though, like other old properties, it has been a good deal knocked about in its journey down the Vale of Time. Deep in the dark ages, his ancestors were Counts of Savoy, and waged fierce wars with adjacent barons as the custom of those days was. A neighboring feudal realm—a principality, Piedmont—passed, in course of time, partly by conquest, but more directly by a *mariage de convenance*, under the sway of a poor cousin of the Savoy Dukes. The cousin dying, and his issue failing at last, the elder branch of the house annexed Piedmont. Greed of territory thus awakened, the house presently laid hands on Montferrat; and, by-and-by, good luck favoring the Dukes, Sicily fell into their grasp. This distant island they wisely exchanged for the more convenient isle of Sardinia, then flourishing and populous; and when, in 1815, the little territorial arrangements of Napoleon First were so rudely overset by the allied sovereigns, the ruler of Piedmont — then known as King of Sardinia—was reinstated in his possessions, which his heir rules to this day; to wit: an area of territory half as large as Michigan or Illinois, with a population of five millions of souls.

Victor Emanuel is the son of that famous but unlucky Charles Albert who, in 1848, by his precipitate movements against Austria, so gravely injured the cause of Italian Independence. At the time Charles Albert raised the standard of Italian unity and independence, his son—the present King—was twenty-eight years of age. He took the command of one of the two divisions into which the little Sardinian army was divided, and distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry throughout the campaign. On the memorable days at Verona, Peschiera, and the Mincio, Victor Emanuel gave ample proof not only of bravery but of skill and remarkable coolness. It was all, as every one knows, of no avail. The superior power of Austria crushed the Piedmontese; and, after a year of harassing warfare, the King of Sardinia gave up the contest and his throne, and his son, Victor Emanuel, reigned in his stead.

As a monarch he is well spoken of by political writers. He is stained by none of the personal vices which so frequently render monarchy contemptible. A fondness for the fair sex is the only foible which his enemies have ever laid to his charge. His public policy has raised Sardinia to a very high rank among European States. Her credit stands high; her people are happy and prosperous; her trade is increasing; liberty of speech and of the press prevail within her borders; the power of the Church has been curtailed. The most conspicuous feature of Victor Emanuel's foreign policy has been his alliance with the maritime Powers in the struggle against Russia. This adroit step is now bearing its fruit.

In the event of war, Victor Emanuel is to command the Sardinian army in person.

The Emperor of Austria has thus far occupied very little of the world's attention. He is quite a young man, only twenty-eight years of age, but is an older sovereign than either of his rivals. When he was eighteen years old his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, abdicated; and his father, the Archduke, declining to accept the honors and cares of royalty, young Francis Joseph was declared to be of age and crowned Emperor.

He has never come before the public except in connection with graceful acts. We have heard of his marriage to a sweet and amiable girl, Amelia of Bavaria; of his fondness for his children; of his distress when his little daughter died; of the acts of personal kindness by which he strove to win back the Hungarians to loyalty. This is about all that has been made public in connection with his name. He is now said to be animated by the most violent desire for war, and will perhaps take the field in person.

It may be well to remember that, though the Emperor of Austria is absolute, he is guided by a corps of ministers who are trained from their youth to their business, and are perhaps the most skillful diplomatists and tacticians in Europe. They are chosen without regard to rank, and promoted on the ground of merit only.

There is little to be said about the views. One of our engravings represents a scene in the neighborhood of Alessandria, which is one of the strongest places in Piedmont, and the point to which the Italians will naturally retreat in case of a defeat in the field.

Enormous sums of money have been spent in fortifying this place; the ardor with which the people are working will convey to the beholder some idea of the enthusiasm aroused among the Sardinians by the present struggle.

The bridge over the Ticino will be one of the points most warmly contested when the Austrians attempt to invade Piedmont, or the Piedmontese Lombardy. In a few days we may hear of a desperate contest at this spot.

The scene at Milan needs no description. It is a dull military court-yard. But there many and many a gallant Italian patriot has paid the forfeit of his life for his patriotism; there the Germans have gathered for many, many years before swooping on some fair Italian city or province. Should the French and Piedmontese prove successful, this court-yard will perhaps become the theatre of spectacles which may teach Austria how bitterly her name and her rule are hated at Milan.

A few historical memoranda of the history of Austrian dominion in Italy may not be out of place.

It was in 1708 that Austria made its first definite acquisition of territory in Italy. This was the Duchy of Mantua, which was seized by the Austrian Emperor Joseph I. Lombardy, or the Milanese, followed next in 1714. It had long before been a part of the empire, but had fluctuated between Austria, Spain, and independence for two or three centuries. In 1714, by the treaty of Baden, Milan was declared part of the Austrian empire. In 1797 Austria obtained, by the treaty of Campo Formio with France, Venice and the Venetian territory. These various possessions, with small slices of adjacent territory, were confirmed to Austria by the treaties of 1815, after the fall of Napoleon.

Ever since then Austria has been the mistress of Italy. In 1816 Austria compelled the Kings of Naples, Sardinia, and the rulers of every other Italian State, to enter into a formal stipulation not to grant Constitutions to their subjects. This covenant having been violated by Naples in 1820, and by Piedmont in 1821, by the grant of Constitutions, Austrian troops invaded these countries, and compelled their monarchs to revoke the grants. From that period to the revolution of 1848 the Austrians reigned virtually over the whole of Italy. How they used their power the Milan manifesto of 1848 is there to teach:

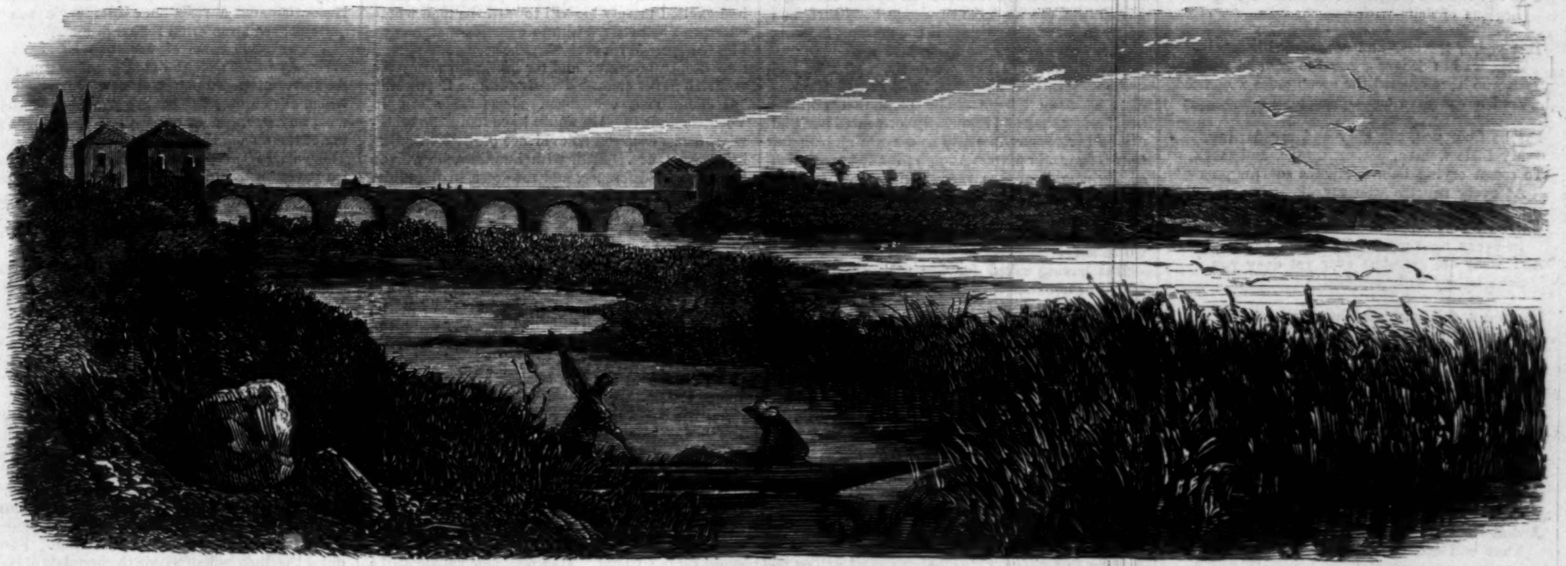
"The Austrian Government levied immoderate taxes on our property, on our persons, and on necessary articles; it extorted from us the means by which alone it was saved from that bankruptcy, to the brink of which it was brought by its bad and dishonestly administered financial system; it forced on us shoals of foreigners, avowed functionaries and secret spies, eating our substance, administering our affairs, judging our rights, without knowing either our language or our customs; it imposed on us foreign laws, inextricable from their multiplicity, and an intricate, endless system of proceeding in criminal cases, in which there was nothing either true or solemn except the prison and the pillory, the executioner and the gallows; it spread round us ensnaring nets of civil and ecclesiastical, military and judicial regulations, all converging to Vienna, which alone engrossed the monopoly of thought, of will, and of judgment; it forbade the development of our commerce and our industry, to favor the interests of other provinces, and of Government manufactures, the speculations of Viennese oligarchs; it submitted our municipal institutions, the boast of our country and the proof of national good sense, to a petty, harassing control, conceived for fiscal purposes, and tending only to fetter us; it enslaved religion, and even public benevolence of its free course, making it subject to administrative interference, and turning it to an engine of Government. It was after endless difficulties, and only after having recourse to the lowest precautions, that private individuals were permitted to help the public wants, and preserve from contagion and corruption the poor abandoned to themselves in the streets, in their hovels, or in prison. It seized the property of minors, by forcing guardians to invest it in public securities, which were to be dealt with arbitrarily and mysteriously by secret agents of the Government; it subjected the liberal arts to the most vexatious restraints; it persecuted native knowledge; it raised the most ridiculous objections and the most odious difficulties against printing or importing printed foreign books; it persecuted and entrapped our most distinguished men, and raised to honor slavish understandings; it systematized the sale of conscience, and organized an army of spies; it encouraged secret informations, and made suspicions the rule of its proceedings; it gave the police full power over liberty, life, and property, and threw the patriot into the same prison with the assassin."

At the time we write, the Austrians have crossed the Ticino, and the war may be presumed to have actually commenced. It is quite noticeable that whereas, pending the preliminary negotiations, neither France nor even Sardinia hinted any thing about depriving Austria of any part of her Italian possessions, the cry now is for "Italian Independence," which of course involves the expulsion of the foreigner from Milan. That this is the design of the French is quite evident; that the people of Italy hope and expect the same thing, there can be no question. Already we hear that Mantua and Tuscany have risen in arms, expelled the Austrians and their rulers, and joined the national Italian cause. Another mail or two will, in all probability, bring us intelligence of similar movements at Venice, Milan, and throughout the Papal legations; the fire is kindled: who shall say where it will stop?

The leading British journal, in which hatred and disgust of Louis Napoleon overpower every other feeling, labors strenuously to convince us that the real aim of the French Emperor is not the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, but the conclusion of a treaty with them, after the first battle, and the combination of all the foreign powers of Europe against Great Britain. It is very easy to make prophecies. So far as the facts indicate, the Emperor Napoleon has, at present, no desire beyond that of freeing Italy.

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

PLACE D'ARMES BEFORE THE CITADEL OF MILAN.



BRIDGE OVER THE TICINO, CONNECTING LOMBARDY WITH PIEDMONT.

CONSTRUCTION OF SARDINIAN FORTIFICATIONS NEAR ALESSANDRIA.

THE DOLL THAT LOST HER SQUEAK.

A LETTER FROM GRANDMAMMA.

MY little Anna tells me in the letter
She sent from California last week
(And sadly does that great misfortune fret her),
"Dolly has lost her squeak."

Have you forgotten when you bought that baby
I said her "cry" was nothing but a creak,
And that you'd keep her but a short time, maybe,
Before she'd lose her squeak?

I think it was a great mistake to buy it:
Such dolls are always badly made and weak,
And yours especially—you won't deny it—
Had not a pleasant squeak.

Throw her away; to keep her would be folly.
The rosy red has doubtless left her cheek;
And who is there admires a faded dolly,
Or one that's lost her squeak?

Perhaps you think that if to me you send it,
As I have patched up many a hole and leak,
Like broken china I would try to mend it;
Yes, even to mend a squeak!

But now I think of it—you must remember
Of crying babies how I used to speak
Over and over, saying, last September,
I did not like a squeak.

Let children, who themselves are fond of crying,
Indulge these baby fancies, whims, or freaks:
I've not the least objection to *their* buying
Legions of dolls with squeaks.

But you, a traveler and courageous-hearted—
You, who in danger scorned to cry and shriek—
You, who have crossed the ocean since we parted,
And never gave one squeak;

Far be from you, my lady and my darling,
My little woman, patient, brave, and meek,
To cosset crying babies, always snarling,
At every squeeze who squeak.

The time may come a better doll I'll buy you
In every toy-shop I will search and seek.
Ah! what did grandma ever yet deny you,
Save babies with a squeak?

I'll find a doll with real hair and curly,
With muslin dress, unstained by soil or streak,
Bright-eyed, red-lipped, and with a bosom pearly,
Superior to a squeak.

Well stuffed with bran, with cotton, or with woolen,
Shall be her body, solid, firm, and sleek,
And with no hollow parts to push or pull in,
No wires to make a squeak.

As large as Mary's, Harriet's, or Fanny's,
Or any other lady of their clique,
A doll shall cross the Isthmus and be Annie's
That will not, can not squeak.

Though the great ocean-waves she must be tossed on,
Cheer up, my darling, do not "pine and peak;"
She shall be yours, if such there be in Boston—
A doll without a squeak.

THROUGH THE STRAIT GATE.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

JEAN HEINE'S vineyard, planted with many a doubt and misgiving, was for three years the subject of questioning comment and sly ridicule among the farmers of Monteagle. In the fourth year, however, fruit began to ripen on the vines, and the grim, determined features of Heine's face and character to relax. In this last experiment of a long undaunted heart he thought he saw the signal of his harsh fate's relenting; and, encouraged by the signal, he set to work with renewed vigor and expectation. His summer was promised at last.

He gave his evidences of reception and perception quite in Nature's way. She sets her birds to singing, and compels the grass to stir. His heart seemed released from the icy bands that bound it; and though never a gossip, such utterance as he indulged modified the estimate of his neighbors; and then, as year by year passed on, and the vineyard prospered beyond all expectation, his position gradually changed, until he became in some sort the lawgiver and expounder of Monteagle.

In journeys to the lowlands, and in contact with contractors for distant markets, new ideas, enlarged notions of comfort and the necessities of life, were forced upon Heine. He gave bold and manly welcome to these ideas and notions; by the renewing of their mind, his neighbors saw in his proceedings something worthy imitation; there was ascertained a possibility of growth among the mountain dwarfs.

Jean Heine had a little son, Adolph by name, to whom his mother had given, for inheritance, a face like the vision of an angel—one of the high executive, beyond dispute. Emilie's loftiest sentiment, her most courageous aspiration, her purest love, was glorified in him; had in this radiant image an apotheosis. To see that child face, as it looked out from underneath the broad-brimmed old straw hat, the lofty white forehead, the ruddiness and tan of the round cheeks, the splendid mass of chestnut hair, the large and deep-blue eyes; above all, to watch his movements and to hear his voice—this was to apprehend a solemn exaltation of delight—an apprehension worth one's journeying from valley-lands, even such as ring with the laughter and are bright with the beauty of young children, to the savage hill-country where poverty fights for its daily bread.

This child, Adolph, was four years old when a traveler, worn and weary, aged also, sought rest and shelter under Heine's porch.

Emilie was pitiful. His gray hair and exhaustion spoke for him with more authority than he ever spoke for himself; and she placed before the stranger a brown loaf and a bowl of milk. While he partook of her hospitality he was thoughtfully observant of the boy playing about; and the mother, quick and eloquent in speech when her lad furnished a text, found no difficulty in giving a family history to the old man. He was in the habit of looking into the human heart and the nature of things; and hearing Emilie's report of long years of hardship and misfortune, and of brightening prospects and promised prosperity—listening while she spoke of Jean and herself, and of Adolph, in the summer of whose birth the idea of a vineyard had first occurred to Jean; hearing all this fond talk, and listening attentively, the old man answered her, so solemnly that she could never forget the words: "Yes; no doubt that lad will be the saving of you both. I have looked with my eyes, and I know that a child is the greatest blessing God can give to man or woman. The lad has eternal life in him. He will open the Strait Gate for you."

He spoke with such fervor that, though Emilie knew he had spoken truth, and said so, with a readiness in her indorsement that pleased and surprised him, she was nevertheless astonished, and thrown by her astonishment into a reverie from which she did not return to things and duties till long after the stranger had risen and gone his way.

But for the broken loaf and the empty bowl, Emilie might have believed that she had slept and dreamed in the porch that warm summer day—a not incredible feat.

When Jean came home she reported the visit and the old man's words; but he was tired, and did not seem to be much impressed by the message. For Emilie, she kept the saying in her heart, and verily believed that a child is the greatest blessing God can give to man or woman.

She treasured every word the old man had spoken. HE HAS ETERNAL LIFE IN HIM she was often assuring herself. The prediction relieved her of a fear that had frequently tormented her, and driven her to her knees, to ask, again and again, that God would protect Adolph; for the prediction of the neighbors was responded to by her own heart's foreboding, that long life was not for this fair child. He was so bright, so beautiful, so wise, who could believe that he would linger in this world long?

But having asked for her son's life, Emilie's faith was not sufficient. She could not go her way, leaving the event to her Lord. If importunity had an advantage in prevailing with the Most High, that should not be wanting. And some accident, some sudden surprise or calamity they could not provide against, *might* in a moment snap the frail thread of a life that was all her life. Poor love! It will not content itself with making known its desire, and then, with law-abiding "Wilt Thou?" wait till time reveals. Nay! but "Oh that Thou wouldst rend Thy heavens and come down, behold and do!" And the stillness of eternity grows yet more awful and profound to us; we can not see, for it is just *beyond* our vision that His power is at work, and His angels of life and death are moving to and fro. Heavenly angels! at last we shall see even with them into the rose's heart, or across the desert into the pleasant land where no mirage beguiles, serene in the conviction that He doeth all things well.

Therefore the hope of Emilie, fond mother! did establish itself upon this stranger's prophecy. Adolph should live.

One day in autumn, just after the grape-gathering, while Jean was walking over the ground, planning the work that must be done ere winter set in, Adolph came running and leaping along the hill-side, his face beaming with mystery and expectation. He had found something curious down there in the glen. Could father tell him what it was? Such a shape! and so heavy and pretty! could father guess? The boy held up his little hand, clenched fast. Jean Heine must open it; he did so with gentle force, and there—indeed!

Great was the little one's delight when he saw his father's surprise.

"It looks like a bird turned to stone," said Jean. And he set up the strange little shape, that looked indeed like a bird, with wings of green and white, and lurid breast, on his finger, and laughed with Adolph; but their laughter was not alike.

"Where did my son find this?"

"Oh, in the glen, papa, where I went for the red immortal. We are getting ready for winter, mamma and I; and there is ever so much down there."

"But you brought no flowers with you."

"I left them safe. When I found this funny thing, I wanted you to tell me—"

"Come, then, my lad, we'll see. Besides, we must get the immortal."

Then Jean put the bit of ore in his pocket, and followed his son till they came to the deep, dark glen where the everlasting flourished.

And this was not Heine's land, but belonged to neighbor Vochte.

Father and son walked together through the lonely glen—it was a lovely spot—and Adolph saw all its beauty, and was able to receive the magic influences of its silence and shadow and fragrance. As for Jean, he had often thought of making neighbor Vochte an offer for this very strip of land, knowing that it was quite useless to him, and that he might secure it at a low price; some day its best slopes would serve for vine-growing.

This very fall, indeed, he had considered the purchase, and had concluded to defer it yet a while.

But now, as he walked along the margin of the stream to the spot Adolph pointed out, and observed in different places broad patches of this white metal, he remembered that he had long ago observed it, but never until now had it excited a suspicion as the testimony of great treasure hidden in the ground. While Adolph was gathering the immortal he examined the hill-side. Presently he heard the lad calling to him, and went to help him gather the crimson flowers. While thus occupied he told Adolph he had often thought to buy this glen, and cut away the trees and plant grape-vines; so the waste land should be turned to use. But he also told his son that, should he ever make that purchase, he would leave room for the immortal—the pretty flowers should have their shade and solitude, and nothing must disturb them. And while he spoke Jean held in his broad, hard hand a flower and the little hand of Adolph, and they walked together from the shadow out into the sunshine.

There Jean Heine paused, and for the last time reflected. Then he resumed his walk, and answered all the innumerable questions of his little son, until they came to the summit of the slope, and on the level land his cottage stood. Halting there, he said,

"Go home now to your mother, and trim the house with flowers, my son. I am going to talk with neighbor Vochte. Maybe we shall agree about the land. But you are to say nothing about that, Adolph, till I come home; and when I come, ask me no questions. If I have bought the glen, I shall tell you. If I do not, then it is of no consequence. You will always have your playground and the everlastings just the same."

Then Heine kissed his little son, and the lad ran home to his mother.

This Vochte was a poor farmer, who merely managed to escape starvation year by year. He was a much older man than Heine—not a lover of our Jean. He had watched with jealous, evil eyes the speculations of his neighbor—the beginning and the progress, the frequent disaster and the present prosperity. He had not profited by any of these observations, though they were careful and prolonged. He had attempted to profit, and failure had excited merely his will toward the man whose enterprise had stirred him to exertion and excited him to hope. With each effort he seemed to plunge into deeper poverty; and for him, poor miserable wretch! never could "despair sublime to power."

Heine's visit occasioned considerable stir in Vochte's family. He would have had it no otherwise, for he despised no evidence of his own growing importance. Still, with humility, he waived the signs of deference, and sat down in the midst of poverty, distress, and discontent as if himself a dweller among their fastnesses. When Vochte asked about the vineyard Heine was not boastful—said merely the truth: that his gains were well-earned—by the sweat of his brow, indeed; and that it might be ruin for him to continue his enterprise, but it certainly would be ruinous should he stop where he was. His talk had not the sound of elated success. Such prosperity as he here spoke of and acknowledged might well be forgiven him.

But he meant to add a little to his farm this autumn, Heine said. He had been looking about today. He could buy a few acres of cleared land lying to the right of his vineyard, and was tempted to do so. Still he had thought also of neighbor Vochte's glen, and remembered that they had already spoken to each other of that unpromising tract, which perhaps might in time prove favorable for grape-culture. He would not mind a little extra trouble, and additional hard labor, if he could serve a friend. Had neighbor Vochte still a wish to part with the glen?

Neighbor Vochte caught at the proposal with an eagerness that betrayed a fear: Heine might reflect again, and revoke his generous purpose. He and his wife had bitter recollection of last winter's terrors; all summer they had toiled in their unprofitable way that the autumn store might save them through the winter from starvation, and their barns were not overflowing now, when the harvest was over. They quickly came to terms with Heine, and the sale was effected, money counted and paid down in that same hour. Who so great and good a man then as Jean Heine! But as he crossed the threshold of that miserable den, and looked back for an instant to return their parting compliment, the rags and squalor, the misery and trouble, the perpetual dejection stood before his eyes. He went homeward somewhat gravely.

At his door he met Adolph. The lad ran out to meet him, but he did not speak; he only came to look in his father's face. Nothing could he learn by such inspection. But Heine said,

"The glen is yours, Adolph; and we will never destroy the everlasting. How could we? I have bought the land."

But the ore Adolph discovered was a fact without a comment.

Until one day, late in autumn, the agent who purchased Heine's grapes, halted for a night at Heine's house on his way through the hill country. The traveler earned his rest that night, as indeed he always earned it when he slept under Heine's roof; for Jean had an inquiring mind, and the agent was a man of extensive information, whose studies, though frequently interrupted by ill-health, were always resumed with fresh ardor.

On this night Heine had a special aim in his interrogatory: was bent on acquiring all information possible concerning the working of copper-mines, and, as he anticipated, Mr. Roland was able to tell him much; for his business had led him frequently into the mining districts during his negotiations between proprietors and consumers. He was not surprised at Heine's questioning; in the course of his long experience he had come to regard himself as a sort of circulating cyclopedia, and any one was free to command his resources; but how was he astonished to hear his querist say in the end of their long talk:

"You must wait till after daybreak, Roland, before you continue your journey. I have something to show you—a copper-mine!"

To the amazed inquiry that followed he answered that he had bought a small tract of land since Mr. Roland traveled that way last, and intended to clear it for vine-growing; but in cutting away some of the trees he had obtained sufficient evidence that the soil was full of copper.

The result of the investigation made next morning was as follows: Mr. Roland gave up the journey he had projected, and returned to town.

All winter he was engaged in negotiations, carrying on a correspondence with Heine. Twice he came to Monteagle with other gentlemen, geologists and scientific persons, who had opinions of weight. A mystery was gathering like a cloud around Monteagle; the neighbors could not penetrate it; but what food they had for talk and speculation through the long cold winter!

By spring negotiations were brought to a conclusion. Heine had sold the glen, and was the richest man to be found within fifty miles. A company of engineers came up from the lowlands; miners followed in their train; the quiet of the farming country was broken. Cottages were built; a furnace was put up; shops were opened; there was rumor of a school-house and a church. All because Jean Heine had bought a bit of neighbor Vochte's land.

Did every man and woman that looked into Heine's unbetraying face congratulate him when his speculation became known? Did any one accuse him of taking advantage of a neighbor's need, buying land whose value he was aware of, though its owner did not guess it, at a price a million times below its worth? What sort of people do you suppose inhabited that country? Not angels, my friends, nor they whose charity thinketh no evil.

Heine had the penalty of sudden gigantic prosperity to pay. A high price—difficult to afford. For he had some pride, some kindly feeling, some notion of integrity. It was hard to have that pride insulted, that kindly feeling doubted, that integrity denied. But he could keep silence while envy and wrath and malice exhausted themselves. He anticipated a reaction. Monteagle was not quite proved an infernal region to his mind.

The reaction came sooner than he hoped for, variously urged: by the cordial praise and courteous acts of these powerful new-comers, against whom the highlanders could not array themselves with any strength of animosity; by Heine's free use of the money that literally flowed in upon him. The weak became intimidated by the constant service rendered by this man, who had the welfare of the whole neighborhood at heart; the jealous were brought over to his interest unawares; the suspicious were cajoled. No, he would never quit Monteagle, bearing away the imprecations of his old neighbors; he staid to win them, their confidence, and favor: one by one he won them. Thus Heine's place as the great man of the region became well assured. But in the eyes of Vochte glared visibly the token of a great inward fire raging toward destruction; and to nourish his hatred of Heine seemed his sole desire and aim.

Heine built a fine house on the site of the old, and surrounded his wife and son with all things meet and sufficient; nowhere was any lack. Much curiosity was excited in reference to the mines as time went on. People came from a distance to visit the works. Hundreds of workmen found employment there; the village of Monteagle greatly enlarged its borders. All the neighboring lands increased greatly in value—even Vochte's lands. Fortune did not seclude herself within the premises of Heine; she smiled on all these poor men. Yes, on all, though many of them did not construe that smile into her favor. The more intelligent of the old settlers came to regard Heine as the benefactor of the region—strangers always called him so. There was no withstanding the onward stride of affairs.

Emilie was thinking forever of the future of Adolph—thinking of this mainly through all these prosperous times. She believed that the old traveler's prophecy had cognizance of these events, and that they prepared the way for his future. Oh that future! that promise of LIFE! Oh the great marvel, love's deep satisfaction, *and*—eternal aspiration!

By their son should she and Heine pass the Strait Gate. Doubtless. She believed it. She and Heine lived in him, and by him would live forever; for surely love is deathless! Dear Emilie! she was the good and gracious spirit of that mountain-land. Who so kind and careful? who so bright and tender? who so fair and sweet? No one envied her these pleasant years. No one but said, She is worthy of all; and hardly even Vochte would have laid a thorn instead of a flower in her hand. Yea, to other eyes than those of love that mother and son were marvelous.

And the old man's prophecy was—eternal life!

Deck the house with the immortal—the flowers everlasting. They shall be glowing symbols. Dream on of your son's eternal life, fond Emilie! Symbol and dream shall not be falsified. But neither shall they hinder the fearful swaying of the lofty pines (under no wind of heaven—under no woodman's axe!). He was down there in the glen, this young Adolph, when the pines were uprooted; they found him under the tangled branches, struck down evidently with instant death, his blue eyes fixed on the blue heaven, this young Adolph, hero of seventeen summers; under the pine-trees in the glen, he whose sole achievement in this world was love!

The miners found him there, and they made a bier of green branches, and carried him to his mother.

She followed him through the Strait Gate.

Autumn beheld Jean Heine a great man full of riches; but his wife and his child had wandered far beyond his sight; hand in hand, he believed, they gathered immortal flowers. But the Gate was shut to him. Yes, he said—forever shut to him. And he thought of neighbor Vochte, when he passed that sentence on himself; and was not reassured when he considered Wall Street and State lunatic asylums; for he knew what was in the world—this copper-mine had been in Wall Street; and the asylums have a care for men like neighbor Vochte.

From sympathizing with Vochte, as the people in the vicinity were at first disposed to do, they began at length to laugh at him. Their derision embit-

tered him the more; and his face darkened to a fearful shadow when men began to sun themselves in the light of Heine's prosperity. But Heine, for his part, had never, till Emilie's death, ceased from his endeavors to conciliate this man, and to benefit his family. Often he had, directly, and through others, offered him large sums of money, which he said might be considered, did Vochte so prefer, as payment for the land; but all this was indignantly rejected—Vochte preferred his poverty and wrath. Now and then, in view of these efforts at adjustment and their failure, Heine said he knew not why he should disturb himself if Vochte chose to make himself a fool; but do you suppose that such conclusion proved abiding? that he could rest in it? or that, now his son was gone, when in vision he saw the lad within the Strait Gate beckoning to him, a dreadful shadow, that of one who stood to dispute the passage with the aspect of a devil, did not frighten him from off the ground?

The days of Heine's mourning passed strangely away. He attended as usual to the conduct of affairs—made no exhibition of his grief. Yet not without a shudder could he think of his old enemy—nor remember how, in her last days, Emilie had walked joyfully along the paths of righteousness and peace, seeking te learn, from the sacred chroniclers and revelators of the country to which her son had gone, making ready to follow him speedily, if it only might be so, without acknowledging—"Whither they have gone I can never follow. Narrow is the path, and strait the gate—few there be that find it. It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Yet to be lost to Emilie forever; to behold no more his glorious young son; to have no joy forever, save this of decorating graves, and seeking to perpetuate their names by the unwasting marble!

Though Heine complained not of his calamities, nature ere long betrayed him: pallor, and weakness, and pain; nights of wakefulness and days of misery for this strong man as for the weakest mournful woman! And still it was long after his changing face and person began to excite remark and sympathy ere he would heed the physician's warning to escape from Monteagle or die.

How *could* he die—before the Strait Gate? He allowed himself to be persuaded, and hastened preparations needful for the journey.

In a year's time Jean Heine returned to Monteagle restored to something like his usual health and energy. He returned as if to greet the living—it was but to vindicate the living—then, with his passport, if it might be, present himself to the Lord Keeper. How often, even while he thought of neighbor Vochte, in spite of *such* impediment, he had prayed that that thing so difficult, as even the passage of a camel through a needle's eye, might be accomplished for him! Nay, *by* him must it be.

It chanced that Heine stood by the graves of his wife and son when, for the first time since his return, his horrified eyes fell on the spectral figure of his ancient enemy. When he could command his voice he saluted neighbor Vochte across the sod of the grave, and receiving for answer only the gaze of fiery eyes, which once could have made him tremble—ah, which made him quake at this moment, though he said, "God help me!" he crossed the barrier between them (the unoffending graves), and offered his hand to the old man. Vochte dared not decline it. He, from the depth of his degradation, could see this clear shining truth, "*I* am a worm, and no man."

Jean Heine, as he gazed upon him, seemed spellbound. "Oh," said he, at length, breaking the silence with desperate will, "a thousand worlds could not pay for this! Vochte, you were degraded enough to begin with, but—I—I—who might have brought you forward toward heaven—have I cast you down to hell?"

The old man laughed—he hardly heeded the question; he had obtained in that moment a still more weighty sign—he saw that Heine was agonized, and he could rejoice at that.

"Come, let us leave this place," said Jean. Vochte's laughter seemed to have answered him. "Come, let us talk of your son—your living son. Tell me of him, neighbor; men speak well of him. You named him Adolph; he was born I remember that summer, when—"

But the old man thrust Jean's hand away as if destruction were in his touch. Heine did not resent the act, but walked by the side of the tottering, half-blind Vochte, and heard the wrathful utterance he gave to his hate; the blasphemy and cursing. Confess to such a monster!

He walked by Vochte's side till there was a sudden pause in the flow of his awful speech. Then, said he—for he had but waited his time—

"You accuse me justly. I will make whatever restitution you ask of me, Vochte. God has taken my wife and son. But oh, do not say that *I* have taken your soul. Do not force me to believe that! Take my wealth—it hangs like a millstone round my neck; but say you forgive me, and it may not be too late for *you*—to walk—in the path, oh Vochte! I have sinned! I have sinned! But I never should have seen it, I believe, if my sin had not brought you to this awful state."

"A beggar," said the old man, who had listened, awe-struck, to the speech that broke from Heine.

"No, no; I mean not that. *I* never beggared you. But for the sake of your hate you have thrown away every thing, and your blood seems to be on my soul."

Hearing this, Vochte broke out again, after his former style, only now there seemed to be triumph lurking in his despair. Now at last should the world judge between them, and his wrongs would be avenged.

His imprecation was not yet at an end—unending seemed the fiery flood of hate that broke forth with volcanic energy from his soul; in nowise might Heine stem that flood, nor should he ever hear from Vochte's lips so sweet and strange and miraculous a sound as that of forgiveness.

But Vochte's triumph was short-lived. He went home to tell how God had avenged him, to prepare the proclamation that should bring disgrace on the proud name of Heine. But, crossing his threshold, he fell dead before a word of exposure escaped him.

His son Adolph inherited the wealth of Heine. For Jean the Strait Gate opened.

A PERILOUS HOUR.

I was apprenticed to a decorative painter; but being of a bold, danger-loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very cool head, and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and so I was soon a favorite hand with my master.

We had on one occasion to fasten a lightning-conductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a hand-cart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or cradle. Having flown the kite, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.

Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stepped into the cradle the men banteringly asked him if he hadn't a last dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Staming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over the town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named I did not expect we should have had many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already thronged with starers. Colly was very quiet; and when I waved my cap to the people he said, snappishly, that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse these gaping fools, who, he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near to us but this straining rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height.

Good Heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away without slacking speed in the least! I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that windlass the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling-line, and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with affright; and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out, "Where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray?" And so I said, very solemnly, "Sit down, Jem; God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down."

The color of his face was of a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain that he must topple over.

"Come, Jem, lad," I said, thinking to take the fright off him; "it's bad enough, but it can be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arm round the rod—maybe it will steady you."

"Where are you? and where is this rod?" he asked, in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he was gone blind with the fright; and self-preservation said, Don't go near him; but then I remembered his new-wedded wife, and that, taking him all through, he was always a very decent fellow; and I thought how I should have liked him to have done if I had been in his case; so I determined to run a bit of risk in his favor. Of course I durst not get on my feet; but working myself on by my hands I got to him, and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected any minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard, and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board and carry him gently away toward the engine-house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt with the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterward that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about us, and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle; so thus were we left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cat-calls, and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad.

Even now I tremble when I think of that time. It was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly—thank God, he was so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times, as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin, and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself toward me. I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice round that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then, being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that I was fallen over; for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but, at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he cowered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom; and by another good providence I happened to have a bit of red-lead pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "Get us down—Colly's gone mad." This I shut in my tobacco-box, and was fortunate enough to drop just at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine-house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand, and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I scrambled in myself, and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

He was in a mad-house for some months, and then went to scavengering, for he never could face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that adventure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ARE AMERICAN SEA-CAPTAINS TYRANTS? THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The stories of barbarous treatment of seamen in American merchant vessels, which have but too frequently of late shocked the public's sense of decency and humanity, throw great odium upon American ship-masters and officers; and it is well that inexperienced landsmen should understand the circumstances which almost invariably surround such cases, and so far in most to relieve the officers of their great apparent criminality. It is generally understood on shore, that during the last ten years the character of our merchant marine has gradually gone downward. It is *not* so well known that the cause of this deterioration lies chiefly in the lower character and less ability of the men who now sail our ships. Prior to the discovery of gold in California, the seamen who manned our navy and merchant ships were, to the extent of more than two-thirds, foreigners, chiefly Britons. In an American 74-gun ship which sailed from this port in 1845, of 450 able and ordinary seamen not seventy-five were American born. In the merchant service at that time, it would be safe to say that scarce one man in eight was American born.

It is an ugly, but nevertheless a genuine fact, that Americans make poorer *foremast hands* than either the English, Scotch, Irish, Danes, Swedes, Germans, or Norwegians. The American has a laudable hankering after the cabin. He does not like hard work and discomfort unless honor attaches to them. He is *prudent*, which the others are not, in any sense. And he despises the calling, and feels it a degradation to him, which the others do not. The American is scarcely ever a good subordinate, but he makes a superior master, having all the enterprise, shrewdness, and perseverance which other seamen lack, and lacking which they are the better sailors.

Since the immense spread of commerce consequent on the development of California and Australia, the naval nurseries of Great Britain and the north of Europe have failed to supply even the home demand for seamen. *We* have no such nurseries—our fishermen and coasters remain fishermen and coasters until they can take place as officers and part owners of foreign-going vessels. The consequence is that as *our foreign* seamen died out or left, their places had to be supplied by men who were *not* seamen in any honorable sense of the word: chiefly by the roughs, the lazy farm boys, runaway clerks, and the rising generation of city loafers, who rushed to California to get gold, and getting none, to prevent starving, shipped themselves as *seamen!* in vessels needing hands so badly that any one that offered could get a chance. No sailor nor shipmaster will deny that this is a plain statement of the case. Now it is proverbial that no more men are shipped than are absolutely needed to work a ship. A vessel which carries ten able seamen (who should be able to "hand, reef, and steer, and heave the lead") is seriously crippled if one half prove to be mere incapables. Yet it is safe to say that of every ten American vessels sailing from this port six are thus crippled. What is the consequence? That the really able and honest part of the crew are overworked in order to perform the necessary duties, while the incapable half—who unite to laziness not only the drunkenness and profanity of which the seaman is accused, but insubordination, disrespect, and lack of every slightest sense of duty—while these brutes loaf about decks, eat their rations, and laugh at officer and man.

It must be borne in mind that for such wretches there is no remedy at sea. The unwilling captain has to carry them, and feed them, at least, as far as the next port; they will be foremost to claim their unearned wages when they get there, as they are foremost in grumbling and making trouble while on board. They "can't" go aloft; they would carry away the masts were they forced to steer; they skulk persistently from every post of duty or danger. Human nature—especially sea-bred human nature—can not stand every thing. If the officers use hand-spikes and belaying-pins on such skulking wretches, keep down their insubordination by blows, and force them to do at least pulling and hauling by the argument of the rope's-end, they do little more than act in self-defense. In the forecastle they would fare worse yet were they not generally in the majority, and able themselves to abuse and steal from those who ship honestly and do their work like men.

And this state of things it is which makes a "hell" of many an American ship. But a short time ago I met a mate just home from Singapore in a fine clipper. Knowing him to be not only a gentleman but a man of great kindness of heart, I asked, "Did you have to beat your crew on this voyage?" He replied emphatically, "Yes, d—— them!" and then gave me this statement: The captain shipped a new crew in Singapore, twenty-four men, who all shipped as *able seamen*, and at good wages, with two months' advance pay. When they got to sea it was discovered that of twenty-four self-styled able seamen only four could steer the ship! Now when it is considered that steering is the most trying and laborious duty of the seaman, and that the four poor fellows who *were* honest had to perform this labor for the twenty loafers, who were eating as much and in every way as comfortable as they, will any one say this was not an exasperating case?

I asked the mate, "What did you do?" He said, "I beat them with hand-spikes and ropes'-ends; I could not put them on short allowance of victuals, because the law will not allow it. But I used to make them march up and down decks all their watch; I kept them up all day to do tarring and slushing, and did my best to inspire them with a wholesome loathing of sea-life. Why," he exclaimed, "half of them did not know how to furl a royal till I showed them how—with a rope's-end!"

In 1851 I myself made a voyage from "Down East" to the coast of South America. The bark had a crew of five, who should have been able seamen. Yet one of these never went aloft to *furl* a sail all the passage out; and this one and another could not steer the vessel in any thing more than a light breeze. Yet both were stout, saucy fellows, and grumbled more and made more trouble than the three poor devils who had to do their hardest work.

Again, in 1850, I made a passage of one hundred and thirty-five days from Port Louis to London in an English bark; we had a crew of eight, of whom one never got above the deck but twice during the passage, and never steered, did not even—such is the stupidity of man!—learn the name of a single rope in the ship; while a second was almost equally worthless. Six men had to do the work, which was heavy enough for eight, and do it on short allowance of food and three pints of water a day under a tropical sun. The two were sadly abused, beaten, kicked, and cursed; but they themselves felt that they were served right. By the English law their wages were partly retained at the end of the passage, for their imbecility; which benefited the captain, but not the men who had done their work. In humane America they would have taken their full pay and gone off rejoicing, to *do* some other ship's crew.

In the good old days when there *were* sailors, the forecastle was composed of a stanch, able-bodied crew, every man ready and willing to do his duty; and the crew presented a firm and unflinching front to any officer who had in him the desire to tyrannize. "We do our duty like men, and must be treated like men," was the honest and fearless watchword, which had its effect in most cases. I have heard it cried with good effect myself. I have sailed with some of the worst captains out of America and England, and in nine years' sailing never saw a really able and honest seaman abused. A sailor who knows his duty, and does it, is too valuable a man to fear positive abuse, though a mean captain may make his life uncomfortable by the petty "working up" which he is like to suffer through being part of an inefficient crew.

It is not intended here to apologize for murders and cruelties, but simply to show that American shipmasters and officers are not all or nearly all brutes, and that punishments which horrify us to read of, are neither so barbarous nor so unwarrantable as we are apt to suppose.

Finally: the present condition of things must continue, all efforts of benevolent societies to the contrary notwithstanding, till some measures are taken by which American seamen may be trained in sufficient quantities to man American ships. In England the law compels every vessel to carry for every ten seamen from three to five boys, who are *apprenticed* to the ship for a term of years, and who are taught every branch of seamanship, including navigation. This apprentice-system it is which has made the merchant seamen of Great Britain the most efficient in the world. We shall do little in this country toward placing our merchant marine upon a firm and efficient basis till our ship-owners are compelled by law to take apprentices, and to have them taught their profession.

Respectfully,

An American Sailor
(*A Foremast Hand*).

A SHADOW.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XX.

BEGINNING TO SKETCH.

THE next morning when Gabriel declared that he was perfectly well and had better return,. nobody opposed his departure. Hope Wayne indeed ordered the carriage so readily that the poor boy's heart sank. Yet Hope pitied Gabriel sincerely. She wished he had not been injured, because then there would have been nobody guilty of injuring him; and she was quite willing he should go, because his presence reminded her too forcibly of what she wanted to forget.

The poor boy drove dismally away. What a dreadful thing it is to be young, thought he.

After he had gone Hope Wayne sat upon the lawn reading. Suddenly a shadow fell across the page, and looking up she saw Abel Newt standing beside her. He had his cap in one hand and a port-folio in the other. The blood—impetuous tell-tale!—rushed from Hope's cheek to her heart; then rushed back again to hang out signs of surprise, not of distress.

Rising from the lawn and bowing gravely she turned toward the house.

"Miss Wayne," said Abel, in a voice which was very musical and very low. She stopped. "I hope you have not already convicted and sentenced me."

He smiled a little as he spoke, not familiarly, not presumptuously, but with an air which indicated his entire ability to justify himself. Hope said:

"I have no wish to be unjust."

"May I then plead my own cause?"

"I must go into the house—I will call my grandfather, whom I suppose you wish to see."

"I am here by his permission, and I hope you will not regard me as an intruder."

"Certainly not, if he knows you are here;" and Hope lingered to hear if he had any thing more to say.

"It was a very sudden affair. We were both hot and angry; but he is smaller than I, and I should have done nothing had he not struck me, and fell upon me so that I was obliged to defend myself."

"Yes—to be sure—in that case," said Hope, still lingering, and remarking the music of his voice. Abel continued—while the girl's eyes saw how well he looked upon that lawn—the clustering black hair—the rich eyes—the dark complexion—the light of intelligence playing upon his face—his dress careful but graceful—and the port-folio which showed this interview to be no design or expectation of course, but a mere chance episode—

"I am very sorry you should have had the pain of seeing such a spectacle, and I am ashamed my first introduction to you should have been at such a time."

Hope Wayne lingered, looking on the ground.

"I think, indeed, that you owe me an opportunity of making a better impression."

"Hope! Hope!" came floating the sound of a distant voice calling in the garden.

Hope Wayne turned her head toward the voice, but her eyes looked upon the ground, and her feet still lingered.

"I have known you so long, and yet have never spoken to you," said the musical voice at her side; "I have seen you so constantly in church, and I have even tried sometimes—I confess it—to catch a glance from you as you came out. But I am not sorry, for now—"

"Hope! Hope!" called the voice from the garden.

Hope looked dreamily in that direction, not as if she heard it, but as if she were listening to something in her mind.

"Now I meet you here on this lovely lawn in your own beautiful home. Do you know your grandfather permits me to sketch the place?"

"Do you draw, Mr. Newt?" asked Hope Wayne, in a tone which seemed to Abel to trickle along his nerves, so exquisite and prolonged was the pleasure it gave him to hear her call him by name. How did she know it? thought he.

"Yes, I draw, and am very fond of it," he answered, as he untied his port-folio. "I do not dare to say that I am proud of my drawing—and yet you may perhaps recognize this, if you will look a moment."

"Hope! Hope!" came the voice again. Abel heard it—perhaps Hope did not. He was busily opening his port-folio and turning over the drawings, and stepped closer to her, as he said:

"There! now, what is that?" and he handed her a sketch.

Hope looked at it and smiled.

"That is the farther shore of the pond with the spire; how very pretty it is!"

"And this?"

"Oh! that is the old church, and there is Hosea Wumley's face at the window. How good they are! You draw very well, Mr. Newt."

"Do you draw, Miss Wayne?"

"I've had plenty of lessons," replied Hope, smiling; "but I can't draw from nature very well."

"What do you sketch, then?"

"Well, scenes and figures out of books."

"How very pleasant that must be! That's a better style than mine."

OUT OF MY HOUSE!

"Why so?"

"Because we never can draw any thing as handsome as it seems to us. You can go and see the pond with your own eyes, and then no picture will seem worth having." He paused. "There is another reason, too, I suppose."

"What is that?" asked Hope, looking at her companion.

"Well," he answered, smiling, "because life in books is always so much better than real life!"

"Is it so?" said Hope, musingly.

"Yes, certainly. People are always brave and beautiful and good, in books. An author may make them do and say just what he and all the world want them to, and it all seems right. And then they do such splendidly impossible things!"

"How do they?"

"Why, now, if you and I were in a book at this moment instead of standing on this lawn, I might be a knight slaying a great dragon that was just coming to destroy you, and you—"

"Hope, Hope!" rang the voice nearer and more imperiously.

"And I—might be saved by another knight dashing in upon you, like that voice upon your sentence," said Hope, smiling.

"No, no," answered Abel, laughing, "that shouldn't be in the book. I should slay the great dragon who would desolate all Delafield with the swishing of his scaly tail, then you would place a wreath upon my head, and all the people would come out and salute me for saving the Princess whom they loved, and I"—said Abel, after a momentary pause, a shade more gravely, and in a tone a little lower—"and I, as I rode away, should not wonder that they loved her."

He looked across the lawn under the pine-trees as if he were thinking of some story that he had been actually reading. Hope smiled no longer, but said, quietly:

"Mr. Newt, I am wanted. I must go in. Good-morning!" And she moved away.

"Perhaps your cousin Alfred Dinks has arrived," said Abel, carelessly, as he closed his port-folio.

Hope Wayne stopped, and, standing very erect, turned and looked at him. Of how much subtler meaning tones are than words! There was profound significance in that little remark of Abel's.

"Do you know my cousin, Mr. Dinks?"

"Not at all."

"How did you know that I had such a cousin?"

"I heard it somewhere," answered Abel, gently and respectfully, but looking at Hope with a curious glance which seemed to her to penetrate every pore in her body. That glance said as plainly as words could have said; "And I heard you were engaged to him."

There was nothing more for Hope to ask. Her womanly instinct assured her that any other question would indicate that she had perceived some hidden meaning in Abel's words—and perhaps even suggest to him that there was some reason for that meaning. So she said, with a half smile,

"I suppose it is no secret that Alfred Dinks is my cousin;" and, bowing to Abel, she went swiftly over the lawn toward the house.

Abel watched her as she went. She disappeared and he walked toward the lower side of the lawn.—Papa asks me what I think I had better do for a living?—He looked around the beautiful place in which he stood. He saw the sloping lawn—the skirting hedge—the tufted and drooping and spreading trees stretching away in little groves—the stately house—the garden gently rising beyond it—

"I think I had better be the owner of Pinewood."

Saying this to himself, with that sneering smile, he sat down upon the lawn, and, opening his port-folio again, began to sketch.

CHAPTER XXI.

A VERDICT AND A SENTENCE.

THAT music lingered in her ear—that grace upon her eye—that manly confidence and cheerfulness in her memory.

Hope Wayne did not agree with Abel Newt that life was so much better in books. There was nothing better in any book she had ever read than the little conversation with the handsome youth which she had had that morning upon the lawn. She did not say so to herself. But she was not likely to complain again to Mrs. Simcoe of the want of society.

When she went into the house she found no one until she knocked at Mrs. Simcoe's door.

"Aunty, did you call me?"

"Yes, Hope."

"I was on the lawn, Aunty."

"I know it, Hope."

The young lady did not ask her why she had not sought her there, but she asked, "What do you want, Aunty?"

"Your aunt, Mrs. Dinks, invites you to go with her and pass the next winter in New York."

Hope made no reply.

"You see, my dear, society was nearer than we thought."

"Yes, Aunty, so I find," said Hope, abstractedly. After a moment she added: "But I think it's very pleasant here."

"My dear Hope, how long is it since you complained to me that you wanted society?"

"I know, dear Aunty," replied Hope, blushing and confused. "Yes, I know, but then—"

"Then what?"

"Why, that was some time ago."

"Well!"

"Well, Aunty, since then—"

Poor Hope! The word was out. It was too late to recall it. She stopped, and looked proudly at Mrs. Simcoe as if she had no right to have heard the word or to have looked into her heart.

"Since then?" asked Mrs. Simcoe.

"I have changed my mind," said Hope, calmly.

The older woman looked quietly out of the window. Does not one woman know another woman? Were not words between these two a mere form—or a ridiculously transparent vail?

"I saw you talking with Abel Newt on the lawn. Why did he strike that boy?" asked Mrs. Simcoe, still gazing at the distant hills.

"He had to defend himself," said Hope, rapidly.

"Couldn't a young man protect himself against a boy without stunning him? He might easily have killed him," said Mrs. Simcoe, in the same dry tone.

"It was very unfortunate, and Mr. Newt says so; but I don't think he is to bear every thing."

"What did the other do?"

"He insulted him."

"Indeed!"

The tone in which the elderly woman spoke was trying. Hope was flushed and warm and disconcerted. There was so much skepticism and contempt in the single word "indeed," as Mrs. Simcoe pronounced it, that Hope was really angry with her.

"I don't see why you should treat Mr. Newt in that manner," said she, haughtily.

"In what manner, Hope?" asked the other, calmly, fixing her eyes upon her companion.

"In that sneering, contemptuous manner," replied Hope, loftily. "Here is a young man who falls into an unfortunate quarrel, in which he happens to get the better of his opponent, who chances to be younger. He helps him carefully into the carriage. He explains as well as he can, and to-day he comes to explain further; and you will not believe him; you misunderstand and misrepresent him. It is unkind, Aunty, unkind."

Hope was almost sobbing.

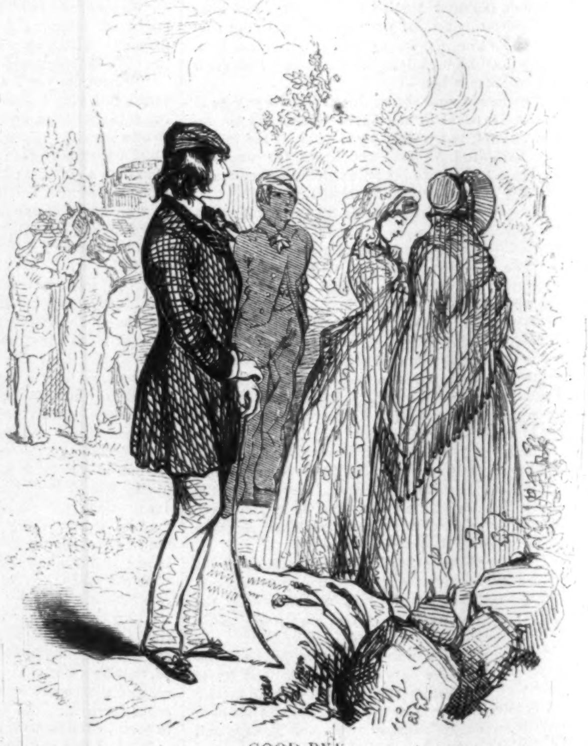
"Has he once said he was sorry?" asked Mrs. Simcoe. "Has he told you so this morning?"

"Of course he is sorry, Aunty. How could he help it? Do you suppose he is a brute? Do you suppose he hasn't ordinary human feeling? Why do you treat him so?"

Hope asked the question almost fiercely.

Mrs. Simcoe sat profoundly still. O bars and bolts! O garden walls and hedges! O sittings in stately parlors and overseeing daily lessons from young teachers! O barricades and fortifications! They had all come to this.

Mrs. Simcoe said nothing. Her face seemed to grow even more rigid as she sat. But suddenly turning to the proud young girl who stood at her side, her bosom heaving with passion, she



GOOD-BY!

drew her toward her by both hands, pulled her face down close to hers, and kissed her.

Hope sank on her knees by the side of Aunty's chair. All the pride in her heart was melted, and poured out of her eyes. She buried her face upon Mrs. Simcoe's shoulder, and her passion wept and sobbed itself away. She did not understand what it was, nor why. A little while before, upon the lawn, she had been so happy. Now it seemed as if her heart were breaking. When she grew calmer, Mrs. Simcoe, holding the fair young face between her hands, and kissing it once more with a strange earnestness, said, slowly,

"Hope, my child, we must all walk the path alone. But you, too, will learn that our human affections are but tents of a night."

"Aunty, Aunty, what do you mean?" asked Hope, who had risen as the other was speaking, and now stood beside her, pale and proud.

"I mean, Hope, that you are in love with Abel Newt."

Hope's hands dropped by her side. She stepped back a little. A feeling of inexpressible solitude fell upon her—of alienation from her grandfather, and of an inexplicable separation from her old nurse—a feeling as if she suddenly stood alone in the world—as if she had ceased to be a girl.

"Aunty, is it wrong to love him?"

Before Mrs. Simcoe could answer there was a knock at the door. It was Hiram, who announced the victim of yesterday's battle, waiting in the parlor to say a word to Miss Wayne.

"Yes, Hiram." He bowed and withdrew. Hope Wayne stood at the window silent for a little while, then, with the calm, lofty air—calmer and loftier than ever—she went down and found Gabriel Bennet. He had come to thank her—to say how much better he was—how sorry that he should have been so disgraced as to have been fighting almost before her very eyes.

"I suppose I was very foolish and furious," said he. "Abel ran against me, and I got very angry and struck him. It was wrong; I know it was, and I am very sorry. But, ma'am, I hope you won't—ch—ch—I mean, won't—"

It was too late here also. That unlucky "ma'am" had choked all his other words. Hope was so lofty and splendid in his eyes as she stood before him that he was impressed with a kind of awe. But the moment he felt he had suggested that she seemed so much older—the instant he had spoken to her as if he were only a little boy and she a woman—he was utterly confused. He staggered and stumbled in his sentence until Hope graciously said,

"I blame nobody."

But poor Gabriel's speech was gone. His mouth was parched and his mind dry. He could not think of a word to say; and, twisting and fumbling his cap, did not know how to go.

"There, Miss Wayne!" suddenly said a voice at the door.

Hope and Gabriel turned at the same moment, and beheld Abel Newt entering the room gayly, with a sketch in his hand. He nodded to Gabriel without speaking, but went directly to Hope and showed her the drawing.

"There, that will do for a beginning, will it not?"

It was a bold, dashing sketch. The pine-trees, the windows, the piazzas—yes, she saw them all. They had a new charm in her eyes.

"That tree comes a little nearer that window," said she.

"How do you know it does?" he replied. "You, who only draw from books?"

"I think I ought to know the tree that I see every day at my own window!"

"Oh! that is your window!"

Gabriel was confounded at this sudden incursion and apparent resumption of a previous conversation. As he ran up the avenue he had not remarked Abel sketching on the lawn. But Abel, sketching on the lawn, had observed Gabriel running up the avenue, and now happened in to ask Miss Wayne's opinion of his drawing. He chatted merrily on:

"Why, there's your grandpapa when he was a little grandbaby and had an old grandpapa in his turn," said he, pointing at the portrait he had remarked upon his previous visit in that parlor. "What a funny little old fellow! Let me see. Gracious! 'twas before the Revolution. Ah! now, if he could only speak and tell us just what he saw in the room where they were painting him—what he had for breakfast, for instance—what those dear little ridiculous waistcoats, with all their flowery embroidery, cost a yard, say—yes, yes, and what book that is—and who gave him the hoop—"

He rattled on. Never in Hope's lifetime had such sounds of gay speech been heard in that well-arranged and well-behaved parlor. They seemed to light it up. The rapid talk bubbled like music.

"Hoop and book—book and hoop! Oh, yes. Good boy, very good boy," said Abel, laughing. "I should think it was a portrait of the young Dr. Peewee—the wee Peewee, Miss Wayne," said the audacious youth, sliding as it were unconsciously and naturally into greater familiarity. "Ah! I know you know all his sermons by heart, for you never look away from him. What on earth are they all about?"

What a contrast to Gabriel's awkward silence of the moment before! So natural, too; such an easy flow! such a handsome face! such a musical voice!

In the midst of it all Hiram was heard remonstrating outside:

"Don't, Sir, don't! You'll—you'll—something will happen, Sir."

There was a moment's scuffling and trampling, and Christopher Burt, restrained by Hiram, burst into the room. The old man was white with wrath. He had his cane in one hand, and Hiram held the other hand and arm.

He had come in from the garden, and as he stopped in the dining-room to take a little trip to the West Indies he had heard voices in the drawing-room. Summoning Hiram to know if they were visitors, he had learned the awful truth which apprised him that his Hesperidian wall was down, and that the robbers at that very moment might be shaking his precious fruit from the boughs. To be sure he had himself left the gate open. Do you think, then, it helps a man's temper to be as furious with himself as with other people? He burst into the room.

There stood Hope: Abel at her side, in the merry midst of his talk, with his sketch in his hand, his port-folio under his arm, and his finger pointed toward the portrait; Gabriel, at a little distance, confounded and abashed by an acquaintance between Hope and Abel of which he had no previous suspicion. The poor boy! forgotten by Hope, and purposely trampled down by the eager talk of Abel.

"Hope, go up stairs!" shouted the old gentleman. "And what are you doing in my house, you scamps?"

He lifted his cane as he came toward them. "I knew all this fighting business yesterday was a conspiracy—a swindling cheat to get into this house! I've a mind to break your impudent bones!"

"Why, Sir," said Abel, "you gave me leave to come here and sketch."

"Did I give you leave to come into my parlor and bring boys with you, Sir, and take up the time of my grand-daughter? Hope, I say, go up stairs!"

"I only thought, Sir—" began Abel.

"Now, in Heaven's name, don't make me angry, Sir!" burst in the old gentleman, almost foaming at the mouth. "Why should you think, Sir? What business have you to think, Sir? You're a boy, Sir—a school-boy, Sir! Are you going to dispute with me in my own house? I take back my permission. Go, both of you! and never let me see your faces again!"

The old man stood pointing with his cane toward the door.

"Go, both of you!" repeated he, fiercely. It was impossible to resist; and Abel and Gabriel moved slowly toward the door. The former was furious at finding himself doomed in company with Gabriel. But he betrayed nothing. He was preternaturally calm. Hope, dismayed and pale, stood looking on, but saying nothing. Gabriel went quietly out of the room. Abel turned at the door, and bowed gravely to Hope.

"Remember, Sir," cried the old man, "I take back my permission!"

"I understand, Sir," replied Abel, bowing to him also.

He closed the door; and as he did so it seemed to Hope Wayne as if the sunshine were extinguished.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELP, HO!

ABEL NEWT was fully aware that his time was short. His father's letter had apprised him of his presently leaving school. To leave school—was it not to quit Delafield? Might it not be to lose Hope Wayne? He was banished from Pinewood. There were flaming swords of suspicion waving over that flowery gate. The days were passing. The summer is ending, thought he, and I am by no means saved.

He thought of these things constantly. Indolent, luxurious, self-indulgent, at the age of eighteen, and now getting to be nineteen, he was a man in purpose and perception. If he could only compass this superb result! If he could only dispense with all the drudging steps by which he foresaw that otherwise he must climb wearily upward to fortune, and, by securing Hope Wayne, secure the future! This was the lovely mirage he saw across the pond as he walked around it on the shore. This was the beautiful castle that peered above the tree-tops as he rambled and sat in the woods. And why not? Could he misinterpret that interview upon the lawn? Could there be any doubt that she preferred him to all others of whom he knew? To be sure, how about Alfred Dinks? But somehow he did not feel much fear of him. He only wondered how he himself could communicate with her. Bolts and bars and Hirams might be overcome, but how overcome maidenly reserve and obedience? Powder can not explode that, nor cunning outwit, nor money bribe. How should he contrive to see her—to speak with her?

He asked himself the question as he strolled along the road a few days after the scenes that have been described. Many other boys were strolling that day, Gabriel among them. Neither Abel nor Gabriel had mentioned their last visit to Pinewood and its catastrophe. It was a secret better buried in their own bosoms. Abel's dislike of the other was deepened and imbittered by the ignominy of the expulsion by Mr. Burt, of which Gabriel had been not only a companion but a witness. It was an indignity that made Abel tingle whenever he thought of it. He fancied Gabriel thinking of it too, and laughing at him in his sleeve, and he longed to thrash him. But Gabriel had much better business. He was thinking only of Hope Wayne, and laughing at himself for thinking of her.

The boys were strolling in different parts of the village. Abel, into whose mind had stolen that thought of the possible laughter in Gabriel's sleeve, pulled out his handkerchief suddenly, and waved it with an indignant movement in the air. At the same moment a carriage had overtaken him and was passing. The horses, startled by the shock of the waving handkerchief, shied and broke into a run. The coachman tried in vain to control them. They sprang forward and had their heads in a moment.

Abel looked up, and saw that it was the Burt carriage dashing down the road. He flew after, and every boy followed. The horses, maddened by the cries of the coachman and passers-by, by the rattling of the carriage, and their own excitement and speed, plunged on with fearful swiftness. As the carriage flew by, two faces were seen at the window—both calm, but one terrified. They were those of Hope and Mrs. Simcoe.

"Stop 'em! stop 'em!" rang the cry along the village street; and the idling villagers looked from the windows or came to the doors—the women exclaiming and holding up their hands, the men leaving whatever they were doing and joining the chase.

"God save the dear, pooty thing!" cried Marm Wumley, as the noise passed her door, and she and Hosea ran to see. "Dear, pooty thing!" And she rubbed her hands as if she were in pain.

Hosea did not stop to punch his pipe. He did not even declare that it was no use—but he moved off as fast as seventy years would let him—seventy years that had only frosted his head, and not his heart. The whole village was in motion. Every body knew Hope Wayne—every body loved her. How fearful to think what might happen to her!

Both she and Mrs. Simcoe sat quietly in the carriage. They knew it was madness to leap—that their only chance lay in remaining perfectly quiet. They both knew the danger—they knew that every instant they were hovering on the edge of death or accident. How strange to Hope's eyes, in those swift moments, looked the familiar houses—the trees—the signs—the fences—as they swept by! How peaceful and secure they were! How far away they seemed! She read the names distinctly. She thought of little incidents connected with all the places. Her mind and memory and perception were perfectly clear—but her hands were clenched and her cheek cold and pale with vague terror. Mrs. Simcoe sat beside her, calmly holding one of Hope's hands, but neither of them spoke.

The carriage struck a stone, and the crowd shuddered as they saw it rock and swing in its furious course. The mad horses but flew more wildly. Mrs. Simcoe pressed Hope's hand and murmured, almost inaudibly,

> "'Christ shall bless thy going out,
> Shall bless thy coming in:
> Kindly compass thee about,
> Till thou art saved from sin.'"

"That corner! that corner!" shouted the throng, as the horses neared a sudden turn into a side-road, toward which they seemed to be making, frightened by the persons who came running toward them on the main street. Among these was Gabriel, who, hearing the confused murmur that rang down the road, turned and recognized the carriage that was whirled along at the mercy of wild horses. He seemed to his companions to fly as he went—to himself he seemed to be standing still.

"Carefully, carefully!" cried the others, as they saw his impetuosity. "Don't be trampled!"

Gabriel did not hear. He only saw the fatal corner. He only knew that Hope Wayne was in danger—that the carriage, already swaying, would be overturned—might be dashed in pieces, and Hope—

He came near as the horses were about turning. The street toward which they were heading was narrow, and on the other corner from him there was a wall. They were running toward Gabriel down the main road—but just as he came up with them he flung himself with all his might toward the animals' heads. The startled horses half-recoiled, turned sharply and suddenly—dashed themselves against the wall—and the carriage stood still. In a moment a dozen men had secured them, and the danger was past.

The door was opened and the ladies stepped out. Mrs. Simcoe was pale, but her heart had not quailed. The faith that sustains a woman's heart in life does not fail when Death brushes her with his finger-tips.

"Dear child!" she said to Hope, when they both knew that the crisis was over, and her lips moved in silent prayer and thanksgiving.

Hope herself was trembling and silent. In her inmost heart she hoped it was Abel Newt who had saved them. But in all the throng she did not see his face. She felt a secret disappointment.

"Here is your preserver, ma'am," said Dibbery, the tavern-keeper, pushing Gabriel forward. Mrs. Simcoe actually smiled. She put out her hand to him kindly; and Hope, with grave sweetness, told him how great was their obligation. The boy bowed and looked at her earnestly.

"Are you hurt?"

"Oh! no, not at all," replied Hope, smiling, which she exerted herself to do, because she fancied that Gabriel looked at her as if she showed some sign of pain—or disappointment—or what?

"We are perfectly well, thanks to you."

"What started the horses?" asked Gabriel.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Hope.

"Abel Newt started them," said Mrs. Simcoe.

Hope reddened and looked at her companion. "What do you mean, Aunty?" asked she, haughtily.

Mrs. Simcoe was explaining when Abel came up, out of breath and alarmed. In a moment he saw that there had been no injury. Hope's eyes met his, and the color slowly died away from her cheeks. He eagerly asked how it happened, and was confounded by hearing that he was the cause.

"How strange it is," said he, in a low voice, to Hope, as the people busied themselves in looking after the horses and carriage and Gabriel talked to Mrs. Simcoe, with whom he found conversation so much easier. "How strange it is that just as I was wondering when and where and how I should see you again, I should meet you in this way, Miss Wayne!"

Pleased, still weak and trembling, pale and flushed by turns, Hope listened to him.

"Where *can* I see you?" he continued; "certainly your grandfather was unkind—"

Hope shook her head slowly. Abel watched every movement—every look—every fluctuating change of manner and color, as if he knew its most hidden meaning.

"I can see you nowhere but at home."

He did not reply. She sat silent. She wished he would speak. The silence was dreadful. She could not bear it.

"I am very sorry," said she, in a whisper, her eyes fastened upon the ground, her hands playing with her handkerchief.

"I hope you are," he said, quietly, with a tone of sadness, not of reproach. There was another painful pause.

"I hope so, because I am going away," said Abel.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"When?"

"In a few weeks."

"Where is your home?"

"In New York."

It was very much to the point. Yet both of them wanted to say so much more; and neither of them dared!

"Miss Hope!" whispered Abel.

Hope heard the musical whisper. She perceived the audacity of the familiarity, but she did not wish it were otherwise. She bent her head a little lower, as if listening more intently.

"May I see you before I go?"

Hope was silent. Dr. Livingstone relates that when the lion had struck him with his paw, upon a certain occasion, he lay in a kind of paralysis, of which he would have been cured in a moment more by being devoured.

"Hope," said Mrs. Simcoe, "the horses will be brought up. We had better walk home. Here, my dear!"

"I can only see you at home," Hope said, in a low voice, as she rose.

"Then we part here forever," he replied. "I am sorry."

Still there was no reproach; it was only a deep sadness that softened his musical voice. Is there a woman who reads this page who does not know that at that moment Hope Wayne would willingly have sunk at his feet? Not because a man has but to whistle and a woman will come to him. Oh no! not that; but because the holiest and strongest, the humblest and least selfish of all passions is the love of woman!

"Forever," he repeated slowly, with low, remorseless music.

Hope Wayne trembled, but he did not see it.

"I am sorry, too," she said, in a hurried whisper, as she moved slowly toward Mrs. Simcoe. Abel Newt was disappointed.

"Good-by forever, Miss Wayne," he said. He could not see Hope's paler face as she heard the more formal address, and knew by it that he was offended.

"Good-by!" was all he caught as Hope Wayne took Mrs. Simcoe's arm and walked away.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WEEDS AND WEEDING.

INSTEAD of talking of what crops should be grown, we will this week speak of what should not be grown. No vile weeds should take the place of more useful plants. To describe those which infest our fields would involve the labor and space which belong rather to a book than a single article, but many farmers doubtless think they know too much of them already. A luxuriant growth of large weeds is by no means a sign of poor soil. On a *barren* soil no plant can grow. Who does not remember the farmer that looked over the land he was about to buy for a large thistle to which he might tie his horse? Although there was something rational in this, there are many farmers nowadays who wish they had no thistles. True, those known as the Canada Thistle make very good fodder, if cut at the right time, but we have better plants for this purpose. And its flowers are beautiful, but we are tired of seeing them; nor will their fragrance atone for their mischief. The good, honest, hard hand of toil may not care for thistles' stings when binding them in a sheaf of wheat or oats, but sometimes it would be more profitable to have more wheat and less thistles. We know of a place where, not long ago, there was a large field of them, which was even a crop as we have ever seen. They were cut and saved for fodder, but the neighbors of the man on whose land they grew did not like his plan of farming.

Many of the brambles that haunt the soil in vast districts may, like the plants spoken of, be viewed as noxious weeds, all impressing the mind of the tiller of the soil with the Divine command: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Experiments have been made by many agriculturists to find out the increase of crop caused by careful weeding; but we have not space to tell much about them. In some cases, all other things being equal, the crop has been doubled on an acre of land kept clean, as compared with one overgrown with weeds.

Weeds are robbers. They steal the food *ready-to-be-used* by the crops they infest, and kill them "when they do take the means by which they live." Every weed is a pump taking water from

the soil, which it pours out by the pores of its leaves. The earth gives more moisture, and the weeds suck it up; if it did not, they would be scorched to death by the sun, as they are when pulled from the soil and thrown on its surface. Where they are beyond number they keep out the air and light, and the plants intended to be grown as a paying crop are weakly, sickly, spindling, and too often a failure. But some are so well satisfied to have the earth bring forth thorns and thistles that they don't trouble themselves or the thistles.

May it not be one of the wise provisions of Nature, that weeds should haunt even the best cultivated fields and defy the efforts of the husbandman?—for they cause him to use the hoe and plow, etc., on the soil, thus liberating pent-up food in its particles. When the land is being plowed, though it may seem to be turned over in masses by the mould-board, the grains of earth rub against each other, and this refining process causes the liberation of slight quantities at least of elements before locked up. However small the quantity made free in a pound of soil, the rubbing together of thousands of tons, as in the case of an ordinary-sized field, may become a matter of great consideration. And the amount of surface on which roots can act becomes greater; for be it remembered, that breaking a clod of earth in two exposes new surface: so is it with a particle of soil. But the plow in loosening and rubbing the particles together makes the whole mass loose, and the air can come in and go out, crumbling and enriching the soil by the things which it leaves in it. The principles here referred to are true of any land when disturbed by any implement; and may it not be a wise provision of Nature that weeds stimulate industry in favor of the best mechanical culture; thus permitting the agency of Providence in the natural world to perform functions with greater speed, the combined influences of which are ever at work in the refining processes that increase the availability of the soil's elements, and especially when a proper return is made for those that are taken from it in the shape of vegetables and animals.

There is an old adage which has more truth than poetry:

> "One year's seeding
> Makes seven years' weeding."

The letting of a weed go to seed is a crime which ought to be punished by law. A farmer, or those of a whole neighborhood, may cultivate in the best manner, and enough of weed seed from some ill-managed district may come on the wings of the wind to infest their land. This is very true of the seeds of the thistle, for they have what may be called downy wings, by which they float on the slightest breeze. Sir John Sinclair, who was too well known as a writer and man of knowledge to make it necessary for us to say any thing of him, expressed himself very forcibly on the propriety of legislative interference. "In several countries the Legislature has interposed its authority for the destruction of weeds. By a regulation in France, *a farmer may sue his neighbor who neglects to destroy the thistles on his land at the proper seasons*, or may employ people to do it at the other's expense. In Denmark there is a law to oblige the farmers to root up the Corn Marigold, *Chrysanthemum segetum*. But the oldest regulation for that purpose was probably in Scotland, a statute of Alexander II., about the year 1220, having been directed against that weed, which was considered to be peculiarly pernicious to the corn-field. The statute is very short and ably expressed. *It denounces that man to be a traitor "who poisons the king's lands with weeds, and introduces into them a host of enemies."* Bondsmen who had this plant in their corn *were fined a sheep for each stalk*. Under the authority of that law, Sir William Grierson, a Scottish baron, was accustomed to hold *Goul* courts for the express purpose of fining the farmers in whose growing crops three heads or upward of that weed were found. In districts where careful culture is practiced weeds are little known; but where a small number only are good farmers, few and far between slovenly ones, though they may be untiring in their zeal and labor in pulling out and cutting down every intruder found among their crops, along the sides of open drains, fences, and the highways, still the seeds of weeds from the lands of their less careful neighbors find a genial soil in theirs, where they rob the crops of the food necessary for their support, and do all the other injury of which we have spoken. In the last-named instance the seeds have sown themselves, but the farmer often sows them carefully; for they may be found among those intended for his crops. Farm-yard manure is another fertile source for many seeds of weeds, which, after a whole season, return to the soil uninjured and ready for germination. This is especially true if full-grown weeds are put in the manure heap and not properly composted. The want of labor is complained of by many who are willing enough in spring to sow in a slovenly manner a large quantity of land in row crops, and who have not enough of labor for their after-cultivation. No farmer should plant and sow more than he can attend to *well*, otherwise loss is the certain result. There is no exception to this rule. First, there is a loss of labor spread over a large surface of ground in preparing for the crop; second, a loss of manure, because there is no immediate return for the capital thus invested; third, a loss of seed, because a smaller quantity would give as large a crop on less surface well cultivated; fourth, a loss of labor in weeding, if the whole of the crop is but half done, because a short yield is certain when weeds are grown, even if in all other respects the soil, preparation, manuring, and seed were all that could be desired.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CORRESPONDENCE.—THE WHEAT CROP.

BARABOO, SAUK COUNTY, WIS., *April* 29, 1859.

A large portion of the winter wheat in this section is killed; but farmers are sowing large quantities of spring wheat. They are plowing up the fields of winter wheat, and putting in spring wheat in its place. There will be more wheat sown this spring in this State than ever before in any one season. Some farmers are putting in from one hundred to four hundred acres. The weather at present is all that could be wished; and, if the season continues favorable, an immense crop will be harvested next fall.

H. A. P.

MACEDON, NEW YORK, *April* 15, 1859.

"The date of this letter will inform you that I am located in what was once known as the wheat garden of the United States, and perhaps of the world. We do not now, however, claim for Western New York that desirable title, though our soil is scarce less teeming in fruitfulness than it was in the former palmy wheat years.

"Owing to the ravages of the 'weevil,' for the few years past, we have greatly diminished the breadth of land sown in wheat. Last fall there were an increased number of acres sown in Monroe and Wayne Counties. I am a young farmer, consequently my observation does not extend very many years back; but I do not remember when the crop looked so promising, for a prolific yield, as it does now.

"I have frequently heard it remarked this spring by old, wise, and experienced farmers that if the coming wheat harvest is as abundant in yield as it now promises to be, the number of acres sown next fall will be greatly augmented.

"January last I was in Ohio, and noticed, while passing over the P., F. W., and C. railroads from Crestline to Lima, a distance of 75 miles, the vigorous and hardy thrift of the wheat plant in the circumjacent fields; but a goodly portion of the soil in that locality is virgin. On the C. C. and C. road from Columbus to Cleveland the wheat looked promisingly, though I saw not nearly so many acres of it as I had anticipated.

"As you are doubtless aware, not much attempt is made at cultivating wheat on the lake shore between Cleveland and Buffalo, though the little I saw looked well.

"In fact, I can safely say I have not seen a really 'poor piece of wheat' during the past three months.

"*I am gratified with the evidences the proprietors of Harper's Weekly are furnishing that they are interested in the welfare of the farming community.*

"Politics, literature, art, etc., are indebted to the 'hard hand' for a flourishing existence. Humanity thrives by the toil achieved in the dusty labor-field. The farmer claims that he is the only firm, true, stanch foundation on which the superstructure Civilization can be enduringly built. Heed well, then, your name, *Journal of Civilization!* and feed us well if you would lean in safety against us. The stability of government exists only in true civilization, and true civilization enlightens the masses.

"Hoping that you will receive all the information you desire, "I am, respectfully yours,

"NATH. R. BEAL."

Recent letters from Virginia and Ohio inform us that the prospects of the wheat crop in these States are excellent.

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In shady bowers, through sunny hours,
  The young birds chirp and coo together,
And man and earth both bless thy birth,
  Sweet harbinger of Summer weather!

Already now, on Care's rough brow,
  A softer Summer-beam is playing,
As men and maids to country glades
  Or sea-shores are in fancy straying.
Away from toil, the roar and coil
  Of Gotham, soon we hope to wander,
To press the turf and dare the surf—
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